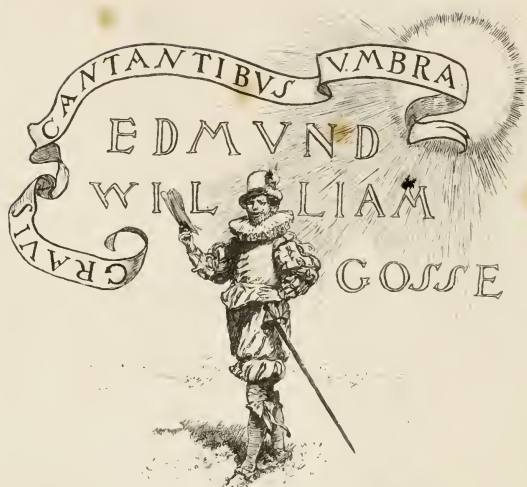
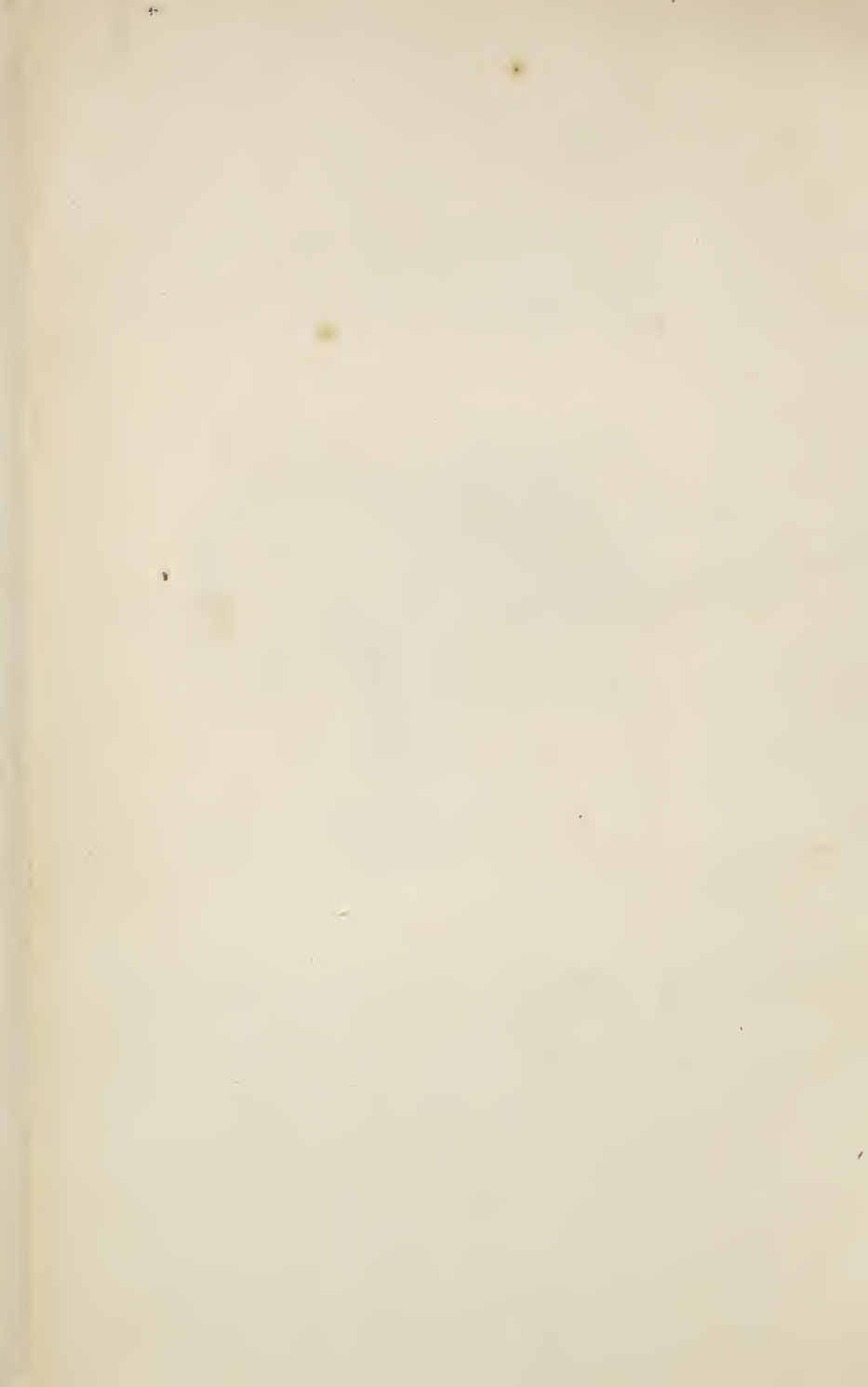


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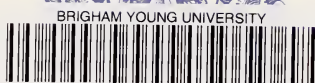
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STUDIES

OF

SENSATION AND EVENT;

POEMS,

BY EBENEZER JONES.

LONDON :

CHARLES FOX, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCCXLIII.



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Six of these Poems, viz., Song of the Kings of Gold, Ode to Thought, A Development of Idiocy, Life, Song to a Rose, Youth's Departure, have partially appeared before.

ERRATA.

In page 23, line 6, *bless* should be *bliss*.

— 45, — 10, *their* should be *there*.

— 81, — 24, *peacemeal* should be *piecemeal*.

"The great end of all the arts is to make an impression on the imagination and the feeling. The imitation of nature frequently does this. Sometimes it fails, and something else succeeds. I think, therefore, the true test of all the arts is, not solely whether the production is a true copy of nature, but whether it answers the end of art, which is to produce a pleasing effect upon the mind."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THE NAKED THINKER.

THE house was broad, and squared, and high,—

The house of Apswern's lord,—

And all the lordly houses nigh

Did with its forms accord ;

Their portals all four steps did dwell

Above the drifting crowd,

And all their windows did repel,

Deep set, and heavily browed ;

The house was one of countless ones,

All builded white with stone ;

And round its base for ever runs

The hurrying people's tone.

The room was wholly bare, and raised

Above all other rooms,

And its large crystal window gazed
 O'er roofs, and towers, and domes ;
 The winds unchecked around it swept ;
 And o'er all others high,
 Straight into it the sunshine stept
 Stark naked from the sky ;
 'Twixt it and the revolving stars
 Did never aught arise,
 And morning's earliest golden bars
 Its walls did first surprise.

Now forward in this lonely room,
 A door unsounding swings—
 White human movings just illume
 The darkness whence it springs ;
 The darkness dies, without the door,
 A man half naked stands ;
 His eyes are fixed with thoughtful lore,
 Baring himself, his hands :
 And down into this lonely room,
 As swimmer unto sea,
 With stately tread, defying head,
 All naked steppeth he.

Twelve times this lonely chamber round,
 This naked man doth pace,
 His globing eyes growing more profound,
 Scorn firing more his face ;
 Each grand limb firmly planting, franks
 Itself its place's lord ;
 His body, from its haughty flanks,
 Lifts like a lifted sword ;
 He pauses, and like one who stands
 Trampling an emperor's crown,
 He lifteth high his clenched hands,
 He strains his stern limbs down.

Before the room's large windowed eye,
 That stares from roof to floor,
 He stands ; the sunshine from the sky
 Dazzlingly slants him o'er :
 With splendid perfectness, the sheen
 Kills every shade and haze,
 And multitudinous and keen
 His bossed form displays :
 Loud laughs he at the sounding crowd
 That far beneath him tides,
 Chariots, and dames, and horsemen proud,
 Corpses, and harlots, and brides.

An infant's laugh 's a blessed thing,
 Its soft fall smooths the soul ;
 And children's laughter, when they spring
 Away from loved control ;
 Such laughs are but the gentle lift
 Of gently joy-breezed life :
 This man's bare laughter, hard and swift,
 With scorn's delight was rife ;
 His muscles glisteningly unthonged
 As burst each ringing peal,
 And shone like beach stones thickly thronged
 When bright waves o'er them reel.

While sinks this scornful laughter down
 Deep in his frame, to thought,
 He turns from gazing o'er the town
 Like one by ghosts besought ;
 He couches on the chamber's floor,
 His limbs like creatures spread ;
 And writes he jest, or writes he lore,
 He writes with thought-stooped head ;
 And ever and anon, while glides
 Over the scrolls his pen,
 He stops, and glisteningly rides
 His laughter forth again.

Why seeks this man this lonely height ?

His fellows sport below !

Why is he naked, what doth he write,

Nakedly couching low ?

What mean the scorns that swiftly surge

O'er his expanded eyes ?

Why do his mind-strung muscles urge ?

What is their mind's emprise ?

What means the room, of life's stuff bare

As mountain hollowed grave ?

The naked manhood, nerving there,

Like a tongue in its dark red cave ?

The abbey bell tolled fast and loud

When Apswern's old lord died ;

And all the people rose and bowed,

And mourned their nation's pride ;

He had led its armies through the world,

Like sea-snakes through the sea ;

And he its flags of peace unfurled

While earth blazed up her glee ;

The bell of the abbey heavily tolled,

When they bore his corpse to its tomb ;

And the thought of death did arise and fold

The thought of God with its gloom.

But when Apswern's old lord died,—
 When pale on his couch he lay,
 So that the gazer might not decide
 What of him was life, and what clay,—
 When the weeping servants distant stood,
 And the tearless loving stood near,—
 When the doctor's eye forgot to brood,
 Regaining human fear,—
 When the frightened people in whispers spake
 Of the fears that they could not disclose,
 As children do who in darkness wake—
 The Lord of Apswern arose :

And he said, " They think me great and proud,
 Their kings have knelt to me ;
 Before me ranks of manhood bowed,
 Their looks no more were free :—
 I die a fool, a duping fool ;
 I leave a veiled world,
 Wherein, by unsuspected rule,
 I thought no veils were furled ;
 I sink within the senseless tomb,—
 The shapes I seem to leave,
 Now shake their masks, and midst the gloom,
 Some real glimpses give.

“ Duped, unsuspecting, from my birth
 Till now, my life has been ;
 And yet I flaunted o’er the earth,
 As I all truths had seen ;
 I thought I fought for man,—I know
 ’Twas for the thing man seemed ;
 I thought to man my love did flow,—
 It flowed to dreams I dreamed ;
 With armies I have lashed the world,
 And at my will it flew,
 I knew not what the power I hurled,
 Nor that I did subdue.

“ I die deceived ;—but one shall tear
 The masks that lied to me ;
 The lands that I bequeath mine heir,
 He but retains, while he
 Fights with his eyes against the world,
 Against all things that are,
 Mocking the veils around them furled,
 And scattering them afar ;
 Through him I hurl detecting scorn
 At life’s old harlot zone,
 I crush her masks for centuries worn,
 I strip her, on her throne.

" Let there be lifted from the roof
 Of Apswern's house, a room,
 From every other room aloof,
 And bare as is the tomb;
 And stripped of all the clothes we wear
 To aid life's lying show,
 Naked from every influence, there
 Lord Apswern's heir must go;
 And there, alone, for Apswern's land,
 A tenth of each day war
 Fiercely, to rend life's seemings, and
 Drag out the things that are."

Long ere the worms had fretted through
 The clay that thuswise spake,
 The heir's dependents swiftly flew
 His lonely room to make;
 With wanton jests, with reasons wise,
 They forced him there each day;
 That he might seem in legal eyes,
 His fortunes's price to pay:
 Lord Apswern holds that old man's land,
 He works that old man's will;
 But now, though bound him no command,
 He'd work that wild will still.

For minds, that underneath the blaze
 Of time's revolving things,
 Have learned to spurn what world-shared rays
 The troop, quick passing, flings—
 And stopping each, with stern command,
 Have forced it to disclose
 Its inmost soul, the unknown land
 It comes from, where it goes,—
 Can no more calmly passive lay
 'Neath what things seem, than can
 Eagles, who 've tracked the sun's bright way,
 Stare at it, down with man.

And thus, though bright through Kensington,
 Lord Apsvern's fellows stray ;
 Ladies with beauteous garments on,
 And lords, with laughter gay ;
 Making not sense a sword to teaze,
 Or fight the summer day,—
 The day, a sunny bright sea breeze,
 That breeze's bright spray, they ;
 Though thus through Kensington they glide,
 While bright their light smiles play ;
 No thoughts to strive with, or deride,
 And happiness all their way :—

This day that joys Lord Apsvern's peers,
 And seeks his lonely room,—
 He heeds not, though alone it rears
 Its face there, bright with bloom ;
 Working his work, with painful throes,
 He broods, and writes, and raves,—
 Kensington's music towards him flows,
 He smiles not o'er its waves ;
 His body writhes beneath his strife,
 To make men keenlier see ;—
 Not for the glory of all his life,
 Should any I love be he.

Lord Apsvern's eyes are lightning keen,
 So keen, his world is not
 The world by other mortals seen,
 His thought is not their thought :
 Lord Apsvern glows with glorious pride,
 That lift beyond earth's creeds,
 Its thoughts and laws beneath him tide,
 Hour storms he calmly reads ;—
 But ever in courts, in marts, in farms,
 Whether we joy or moan,
 Yea, even in the lovingest lady's arms,
 Lord Apsvern is alone.

E G R E M O N D.

AGES ago, when life was swift and bright ;
Before the originating Power had ceased
His cycles of creation ; when men found
Oft in the morn, new beasts upon the hills,
New trees amidst the woods, new flowers,—create
Then first ; when on this planet's vaulting shell,
Man laid not down supine, but up, erect,
Waited and watched ; in youthfulness so keen,
That days effected in his thoughts and forms
Those revolutions, which, in these dull times,
Long years alone can instigate, while centuries
Toil with their consummation ;—then, the sage,
Who reverence won for sciences ; the hero,
Who made a nation free ; the Saviour,
Who human viciousness to goodness changed ;—
Did so within their lifetimes, with completeness ;

And gained a glory, and sustained a joy,
The best of us may dream not.

In this proud morn of time lived Egremond ;
His life a star 'midst wildly clouded evil,—
Evil that speedily could be changed to good
By competent energies. And Egremond
His life did dedicate to effect this change.
The world slept on ; the creating Power toiled :
Egremond, through the midnight, in his cell,
Leaps with his passionate reason down the depths
Tempestuously tossed, of human nature,
Seeking the masked demons, that invoke
Suffering and wrong : he pauses for a while ;
In thought he overbounds the travailing hour ;—
Past man's redeeming, he beholds redemption ;—
He sees beyond the hurtling cloudinesses,
A fair bright time ; he hears the vast rejoicings
Of myriads changed by him to virtuous gods :—
They shout his name :—divinely burns his eye,
As though a lonely spirit of the night
Were staring in it, and a flash leaps through
His toil-worn face, and quivering, up he springs,—
“ Pour no libation, drop no useless tear
Above my sepulchre, the dead feel not :—

But now, oh ! now ; now, while this frame can quiver,
 And the hot blood leaps swiftly to my brain,—
 Now when the wildest hurricane of passion
 Were but a power to whirl my fearless spirit
 In dizzy transport,—while I would be driven
 Straight through the universe, swift as a leaf,
 So that my soul might widen to her fate,
 And throb exultingly against the storm,—
 Now give me fame ; let nations fill the cup,
 And to the music of their myriad shoutings,
 I'll drain it to the dregs : it will be, is,
 Mine, great God !—mine.” Swift from his face all

passion

Fled, thereupon a magnificent smile :
 He leaned against the window, a full hour
 Considering his own majesty ; Adonis,
 Gazing within the stream, endured delight
 As incomparable to Egremont's,
 As is the soulless splendour of the sun,
 To the enveloping smile of a new bride.
 The moon slants light on his sky-lifted face,
 Haggard with eager intellectual toil,
 Beautifully haggard as the face of a corpse,
 That, peering from its riven sepulchre,
 Lists to the resurrection trumpetings :
 He hails her wandering thro' the tranquil heaven :—

“ Beautiful moon ! I would that thou wert God,
 Or that he looked on me where thou art now,
 In that blue chasm ; so that I might tell him,
 And watch the love grow softer o’er his brow,
 The while I told him, all my mighty joy,—
 Creating love where hate was, peace where war :
 Thou art so beautiful, moon ! that there must be
 Some present commune between thee and God !
 Speak to him for me, tell to him my love,
 His greatness daunts me not, for I am good :—
 Yea, I am good, for I do procreate goodness ;
 Rapture unspeakable ! though yonder skies,
 Bending down round to me, should fiercely frown
 One frown of condemnation, I should stand
 Unangrily ; yea, glad—yea, calm—yea, proud.
 Power of infinite love ! I thee not offer
 The parasitical and insulting worship
 Of terror wrenched thanks ; nor basely seek I,
 By false disparagement of my goodly nature,
 To render thee contrastedly exalted ;
 Thy greatness needs it not :—to thee, oh God !
 My soul extends herself in fearless love,
 And reverence that is ecstasy ; if I,
 In moulding this small isle to harmony,
 Feel blessed—yea, so blessed, that this hour
 Is worthier than years of common life,—

How vast must be thy blessedness, aye sphering
 Happy bright planets from the galaxy,
 Thereon inhoming us intelligents!
 Lover that knows no weariness! when all stars
 Turn up to thee their beautiful bright eyes,
 And pause for joy,—methinks thy very godhead,
 On its caressing firmament must lean,
 O'ercome with love! My soul ascends to thee;—
 Thou, infinite in knowledge, must be happy;
 Time sounds of life, which scare us listening here,
 Shaking our faith with their unanswered plainings,
 Play sweetly unto thine eternal mind,
 The discords of one deepening harmony!"

The expectation of some answering, shaded
 Egremont's face; again he hailed the moon;—
 "How hast thou made the sky like one fair flower!
 Laying aside thy vestments, so that heaven,
 And the valleys, and the hills, and the floods of earth
 Gaze on thine unveiled loveliness, expressing
 Their ravishment in one soft smile.
 Like thee, do I arise in life's dark night,
 But not like thee, fair moon! would I descend
 Down in my heaven, but when I shall reach
 The zenith of my glory, from the top
 I would outspread a pair of angel wings,
 And soar to God. Yea, presently, must I die!

.

When ended my creation, wherefore life ;
A life of conservation metes not me,
I know creation rapture ; what, creation,
Save harmonizing elements !" " Yes, God !"
He cried, and sprang into unsheltered space ;
" I claim, by virtue of the peace I make,
Some dim, disorganized, sullen star,
That I may be to it in place of thee,
Teaching its heart all musics ; through thy worlds
Dismiss me glorying !"
His eyes wild rioted ; his brow upturned
Pallidly grand against the vast empyrean,
As though he heard, echoing from star to star,
The voice of deity cry, " Come up hither."

THE WAITS.

I HAD seen the snow sink silently to the ground ;
And beautifully its white rest
Quieted all things ; and the hushing sound
Murmuring and sinking everywhere around,
Blessed me and was blessed.

I had seen the moon peep thro' the dark-cloud-flight,
Then gradually retreat ;
And her re-appearing smile of gentlest might,
Beneath which all the clouds sank calm and bright,
Me lustrously did greet.

And I had heard the ungovernable sea
Earth's quietness loud scorn ;

I had marked afar his raging radiancy,
 And proudly, in his pride, had felt that he
 And I were twain god-born.

But than the under-uttering hush of snow ;—
 Than the moon's queenly reign ;—
 Than ocean's pride ;—more beautiful did glow
 One other beauty,—even now bending low
 I adore to it again.

For on that night, while Christmas melody plained
 Our lonely house around,
 Interpreting wild feeling, else restrained
 From any utterance, in the heart death pained ;—
 Suddenly, hushing sound,

Came from a lonely chamber's opening door,
 A beautiful boy child ;
 His pale face feared to dare the darkness more,
 His white feet hesitated o'er the floor,
 And many a prayer he smiled.

Then tiptoe gliding through the gallery's gloom,
 His hands pressed on his heart,
 Noiselessly entered he a distant room,
 And stealthily its mellowed moonlight bloom
 His gliding limbs did part ;—

Till o'er a couch all bathed in slanting sheen,
 Where, lapt in splendour, slept
 A little girl, her childhood's sleep serene,—
 His look growing like to her look, he did lean,
 And a brief moment, kept

Affection fixed, a reposing gaze
 Upon the sleeping light,
 Pleasuring beneath her eyes, and like soft haze,
 O'er the clueless beauty of her mouth's sweet maze,
 Glowing mildly bright.

When suddenly, with intenser utterance, screamed
 The music's wild require ;
 And as suddenly his startled countenance beamed
 In vivid palor, and his wide eyes gleamed
 With coming and going fire :—

And then he arrested her unclasped hand,
 He kissed her gentle cheek ;
 Till sighing, as loath to leave sleep's peaceful land,
 Her eyes looked sadly up, and wearily scanned
 His face, while he did speak.

He whispered, " Hark ! the music that you feared
 Again we might not hear ;
 Wake ! wake ! it is very passionate, it has neared—
 It mourneth, like the wind o'er the moors careered—
 Listen ! listen ! Amabel dear."

Here ! here ! that beauty, which, than hush of snow—
 Than the moon's royal reign—
 Than ocean's pride ;—more beautiful did glow ;—
 He is that beauty ; even now bending low,
 I adore to it again.

Sweet peace to me the hushing snow had sent,
 The moon had given me joy,
 The ocean transport ; but high thought-content,
 Begotten of all things—measureless—yet unspent,
 Gave me this gentle boy.

For, from the sanctuary of this scene,
 Through the strange world around,
 That never knew happiness, that fierce and mean,
 Now whiningly grovelleth, with disease unclean,
 That deepening, owns no bound ;—

Where love loud rages, seeing throned the wrong
 That all his hope destroys ;
 Where poetry pales, despairing, and for song
 Raves, till her utterance, erst so sweet and strong,
 Sinks to mere maniac noise ;—

Where even science hath fallen, with terrible dread
 Palsied his strenuous limbs,
 Dashing the diadem from his anguished head,
 And howling atheist howlings ;—was I led ;
 And, lifting solemn hymns,

Nor anger moved me, nor disgust, nor scorn,
 Nor suffered I any fear :
 For when the drear was stormiest—most forlorn,
 This boy illumined, soft his voice was borne,
 “Listen, listen, Amabel dear.”

A D E A T H - S O U N D.

OH ! never sent Italian summer, a fairer, brighter day,
Than when amid the wildwood he led young Rose
away ;

Down from heaven's curving roof of all unshaded blue
Sank the sunshine o'er the hills, and strong the forest
through ;—

All the leaves did droop, and all the birds did dream ;
They passed the silvery fishes, slumbering on the
stream ;

'Twas the fearfully bright noonhour, and restless life
had gained

Its most unsheltered pinnacle, and failed rapture
pained ;

For the press of the sunshine held the world ;
And with never a breeze or a sound,
The golden air glowed radiant,
While as ever the earth rushed round.

Down all the happy morning the birds did flit and
sing ;

But now across the silence there waved not any wing ;
They were sitting 'neath the trees, he felt her soft
hand come,—

It clasped his brow and swerved it towards her bosom
home ;

He sank upon his pillow, resigned to think that this,
If bliss might be on earth, was sure earth's happiest
bliss :

Then heard he through her frame the busy life works
ply,

But the sound was not of life ; and he knew that
she must die :

And the press of the sunshine held the world ;

And with never a breeze or a sound,

The golden air glowed radiant,

While as ever the earth rushed round.

“Why start you so?” she whispered ; no words found
he to say ;

“You are pale, you are chilly, love?”—again her lips
did pray ;

He urged his ear into her bosom,—fast the life-
works ply,

But the sound was not of life,—he was sure that she
must die;

The life within his veins did press at every pore,
He found no speech, and warm he felt her tear his
cheek drop o'er,—

One tear, and then another;—Oh, it seemed death
dared not be,

And he laughed, “I am well, I am well, I ever grow
well with thee:”

And the press of the sunshine held the world;
And with never a breeze or a sound,
The golden air glowed radiant,
While as ever the earth rushed round.

Now, distant wedding bells rang out; he saw her
blushing cheek,—

Of their coming bridal morning she thought that he
might speak:—

’Twas then his brain sank broken; Oh, seek no more
to know;—

The worms will make their feast upon her confined
brow;—

When she died in his arms, “forget, forget,” she said,
“How I loved thee, love thee dying,” then her last
look fed,

And died against his face; Oh! is there reason, why
Haunts me that summer morning, when he found
that she would die;

When the press of the sunshine held the world;
And with never a breeze or a sound,
The golden air glowed radiant,
While as ever the earth rushed round.

ZINGALEE.

THE war was over ; the ship
Sailed gaily towards the land ;
He leaped upon the deck,
Joy-fire in his face and neck ;
A tear his cheek did fleck
As he murmured softly " land,"
" Her land !" " her land !"
His colour burned high,
His look assured the sky,
Then glanced exulting scorn,
When, on that joyous morn,
Away, away, through the dazzling spray,
He sprang from the ship to the roaring sea,
And seized the waves in their savage play,
And rushed with their rush, more bright than they ;
Zingalee !

A myriad eager men,
 Thronging the harbour mound,
 With flags of fights sublime,
 With a myriad church-bell chime,
 Hail his returning time,
 And loud his victory sound :

Bare-limbed, stand,
 In dazzling band,
 The noblest ladies of the land,
 Gracing his car ;—

Their white breasts bend, their arms ascend,
 And their eyes extend, towards his ship afar :—
 And there gentlest musics, and softest voicings,
 O'erpower the sense with intense rejoicings :—
 But away, away, from this proud array,
 In lonely delight to his bride bounds he ;
 No lady-abandonment wins him to stay ;
 He recked nought of power, or of glory that day ;
Zingalee !

He has leaped from the brine ;
 His visage smiles divine ;
 The flashings of its light,
 Change, change, more bright, more bright,
 As dawn upon his sight,

Remembered things that sign

Her shrine !

'Twas here farewells were dreaded,

'Twas here farewells were spoken,

And here farewells were hushed,—

Here anew wild they wedded,

Here gave they the love token,

And here the last grief gushed,

At their parting time !

And now to acclime

His gasping life to the heaven it nears,

Here he takes the love token she gave with tears,—

Her pictured self, as o'er him she hung,

When her love from her loveliness all veil flung,

“ Drawn by herself,” so its jewels tell,

“ For one whom none other can love so well :”

And calmed is his face, bliss-ful are his eyes,

While over the picture low murmureth he,

With voice, whose deep love signeth sweet self
surprise,

“ Was I ever away from this paradise ?”

Zingalee !

And, bright with the glowing repose,

Of one long dwelled in heaven,

To whom assurance great,
 Of the unchanging fate,
 Binding his blissful state,
 Suddenly has been given,—
 He passeth the garden where nestles her home ;
 And fondly he noteth the roses, like foam
 Flecking the greenery round ;
 The birds softly warbling ; the breeze waving trees ;
 The atmosphere sunny ; the heaven serene ;
 And the sea's distant sound :
 Oh ! he noteth them all as parts of her ;
 With her, through them, doth his soul confer,
 For she loves them all :
 He enters the mansion, with quivering frame
 He glides to her chamber, soft murmuring the name
 She was used him to call :
 There heard he a sound,
 That lovingly wound,
 Wild words around ;—
 'Twas her voice—
 And faintly it said,
 “ Oh ! nothing I dread,
 But that thou mayest be fled ;
 No ! bid me rejoice ;
 Let me fly with thee even to the end of the world,
 But my life must, must ever in thy life be furled,

I cannot even die, from thee parted :”
 And he staggered towards the room,
 And there, in voluptuous gloom,
 Her breasts all naked, and heaving,
 Lay his bride ;
 And her beside,
 One like a man, around him cleaving
 Her quivering limbs, while still she moaned grieving,
 “ I cannot even die from thee parted.”
 The river of his life stood still,
 Rose at its woe,
 And gazed with terrible will
 The abysm below :—
 A wild beast he rushed to the couch where now grows
 The deep stillness of love rite ; back, hissing, shrank he ;
 One long deepening howl from his crashing life rose ;
 Convulsed, he fell senseless ; his wrenched face froze,
 Where still lingered the sound of her wanton love
 throes :—

Zingalee !

He is born ; again he is born ;
 And unto his life of woe,
 He awakeneth slow,
 Moaning low :—

He hath no soul for scorn ;
 His mind nought questioneth, he is alone,
 Staring past everything, unmoved as stone,
 As cold.—

Over his hand hath fallen her love token ;—
 He seeth it, his despairing trance is broken,—
 He calleth on his love, his love, his love ;
 Down on his knees, with clasped hands he calleth,
 Upon his love, upon his love, upon his love ;—
 But no quick footstep to his couched ear falleth,
 Only the voice-disturbed tapestries move :

He bounds to the air ;

Oh ! music is there,

And he gnashes his teeth, and teareth bare
 His bosom, and grovelleth on the ground
 His naked flesh, and howleth around :—
 He flies to the jessamine bower, where first
 On one golden eve his passion outburst ;
 Fair, fair to his thought that heaven-time glows,—
 There oft in her arms did his life repose,
 'Twas there, in the flush of their youthful pride,
 He walked a god, and she, his bride,
 Some robeless nymph, sported with flowers,
 Dancing her joy through summer hours.
 Still in thought he beholds her thus playfully pace,
 But another burns at each naked grace ;

And another seeks, with the flowers she wove,
 To fetter her flight, and constrain her to love :—
 The flesh flakes on his face !
 His eyes roll blood-blind !
 A corpse stands in his place !
 Its joints knock in the wind !
 And across the joyous town,
 Over the pastures brown,
 Beneath the sunny skies,
 The gibbering thing doth flee :—
 Dead on the moor it lies,
 Covered with worms and flies ;

Zingalee !

Why weeps Zingalee ?
 Words only conceal,
 Thought cannot reveal,
 The tortures they feel,
 Who suffer as suffered he :—
 But even did'st thou know,
 The worst of his woe,
 Still should'st thou not, Zingalee, weep ;
 For thy tears might cheat his soul from its rest,
 To love thee still, and be still opprest ;
 Seeing thee love another ;—

Oh ! thou must not weep, thou must seem to scorn
His love, and his woe, and from morn to morn

All grief must thou smother :—

Then crown thee, then crown thee, with jewels bright,
And with joyous robes thy body bedight,
Summon thy music, illumine thy hall,
Dance and exult, like a young bacchanal,
Greet thy live lover with love's wild glee,
Zingalee !

E M I L Y.

Oh! listen, nymphs! to my distress;
Tell Emily! tell what wild desire
Throbs all my veins, and yet confess
I would not lose the glorious fire.
Oh listen, nymphs! in sunny wind,
Emily on the lawn reclined;
One of her beauteous arms was wound,
Embracingly her pillow round;
Her face and bosom, 'neath the sky,
Backwardly lolled, in smiles did lie;
Her face and bosom upward bending
Flushed as with virgin shames; and lending
Her hand to some caressing dream,
Over her flowing limbs it lay,
Where stricken by the sunny beam,
Around it rosy light did play:
And seemed those gently swelling limbs,

Curving at sound of warm love-hymns,
 Towards fond minglement, though they
 Minglement made not, but did stray
 Partedly ever ;—and the dress
 Which fell soft o'er this loveliness,
 Its glowing life all unconcealing,
 Yet shaded from entire revealing,—
 With witching modesty, confessing
 What matchless splendour still it veiled,
 Though oft the breezes, rudely pressing,
 The heavenly secrecy assailed,—
 And then illumed the couch of azure,
 And then the air did pant and glow,
 While shivering with mysterious pleasure,
 Like waves her limbs did lift and flow.

Oh listen, nymphs ! the sound of horn,
 Over the distant mountains borne,
 Disturbed her dream ; Oh marvellous grace !
 She moved, she raised her brightening face ;
 She rose against the lipping wind,
 So fondly its persistings wrestling,
 I almost thought she still designed,
 Still to endure its boisterous nestling.
 Glowing she sate ; her lustrous eyes

Gave trusting thoughts to far off skies,
 And sometimes glancing o'er our earth,
 Blessed it with smiles whole empires worth,—
 Such proud, bright, wild, caressing smiles,
 With pride and love so sweetly blended,
 That ever, when her gaze ascended,
 I watched for one of nature's wiles
 To lure it back ;—or blackbird's singing,
 Or childhood's shout through far woods ringing.

I glided towards her, hushed were words,
 By her I knelt ;—to list the birds
 To watch the sky like her, I strove,
 But could not, all my life did love :—
 I could but gaze her blissful cheek,
 The heaven of her brow I could but seek,—
 The slightest varying of her look,
 The gentlest movement of her form,
 My nature to its centre shook
 With rapturous agony ; a storm
 Of joy rushed o'er my startled being,—
 Giving me all her gaze, and seeing
 My quivering face, her eyelids fell,
 Swift to her brow the crimson flew,
 Her bosom heaved, her throat did swell,

Around her mouth a new smile grew ;
 Gasping, I sank upon the ground,
 Powerless of sign, or sight, or sound.

Upon that ground her robe was spread,
 And on that robe was lain my head ;
 Into its folds, burningly yearning,
 My lips went, pouring kisses, till
 I shook with ecstasy, and felt
 The pulses of my life sink still,
 And every energy to melt.
 Time was not then ; how long I lay
 In that sweet death, not mine to say ;
 From 'neath my cheek did something move ;—
 Arising was my worshipped love ;—
 Swift to my mind a strange thought darted,
 And wildly to my feet I started,
 “ Where lay my cheek ? ”—I trembling, said ;—
 Back three steps stepped the blushing maid, —
 A short soft laugh betrayed her joy,
 Her fingers with their rings did toy,
 With smiling eyes the ground she eyed,
 And “ on my foot ” her voice replied.
 Then forward that divinest foot,
 With the same short soft laugh she put ;

I saw the sandals gaily lacing
 Its gracefully arched instep; yearned—
 Whilst sportively the flowers displacing,
 It stroked slow the turf, whilst turned
 Its smooth round ankle, very slowly,
 Its inside curve out, askingly—
 That it and I again were lowly,
 My cheek upon it taskingly;
 My lips again its smoothness pressing,
 While conscious what they were caressing.
 Oh! doubt not how I strove to gain
 Emily's grace; all, all was vain;
 Laughter alone was her reply;
 "I die" I moaned,—she whispered "die;"
 Still smiling smiles, she backward drew,
 And bade me stay, and homeward flew.
 Upon the couch where she had lain,
 I sprang; it but increased my pain;
 And where her cheek had pressed the pillow,
 I buried mine; a little billow
 Of dew gemmed velvet, told me where
 Her breath had fallen, and of her hair
 I found the odour;—far I flew,
 Still she pursues, and still I her pursue.
 Oh! when was wretchedness like mine?
 Never may I be self forgiven;

Encouched upon that foot divine,
Yet ignorant that I was in heaven !
Tell ; tell me, nymphs ! what hopes have I ?
For this, for this, did Emily fly.

THE HAND.

LONE o'er the moors I strayed ;
With basely timid mind,
Because by some betrayed,
Denouncing human-kind ;—
I heard the lonely wind,
And wickedly did mourn,
I could not share its loneliness,
And all things human scorn.

And bitter were the tears,
I cursed as they fell ;
And bitterer the sneers,
I strove not to repel ;
With blindly muttered yell,
I cried unto mine heart,—

"Thou shalt beat the world in falsehood,
And stab it ere we part."

My hand I backward drave
As one who seeks a knife ;
When startingly did crave,
To quell that hand's wild strife,
Some other hand ; all rife
With kindness, clasped it hard,
On mine quick frequent claspings,
That would not be debarred.

I dared not turn my gaze
To the creature of the hand ;
And no sound did it raise,
Its nature to disband
Of mystery ; vast, and grand,
The moors around me spread,
And I thought, some angel message
Perchance their God may have sped.

But it pressed another press,
So full of earnest prayer,

While o'er it fell a tress
 Of cool soft human hair,—
 I feared not;—I did dare
 Turn round, 'twas Hannah there:—
 Oh! to no one out of heaven
 Could I what passed declare.

We wandered o'er the moor,
 Through all that blessed day;
 And we drank its waters pure,
 And felt the world away;
 In many a dell we lay,
 And we twined flower-crowns bright;
 And I fed her with moor berries,
 And blessed her glad eye-light.

And still that earnest pray-er
 That saved me many stings,
 Was oft a silent sayer
 Of countless loving things;—
 I'll ring it all with rings,
 Each ring a jewelled band;
 For heaven shouldn't purchase
 That little sister hand.

TWO SUFFERERS.

'NEATH an Acacia's overhanging branches,
That venture not to touch it; where the ground
Is carpeted richly with the sumptuous greenness
Of soft moss clustering ;—tall, in graceful youth,
With gentleness about its countenance,
And mild reserve, as though itself it lifted,
To find retirement from intrusive herbs
Around it sprawling in indelicate joy,—
The alone star of a large ancient garden,
A spotlessly white lily gleamed : at morn,
Leading the orisons of all the flowers,
Soft its voice rose ; when the hot noonday sun
Was troubling every leaf to pleasant pain,
Often o'erwearied spirits of the breeze
Lapsed towards its sphere, and, softly bending forward,
It seemed to tremble joyfully, the while

They sank beside its fragrance ; and at even,
 When the gently pressing dusk awoke to revel,
 Those not-perceived beautiful ones, who frolic
 In old umbrageous woods, whence swift they rush
 Out on fields moonlight bathed, to startle back
 In pleasing fear, who know the thoughts of flowers,
 Loving them more than man does,—there did visit it
 Troops of these gentle creatures, and they stay
 Each other to admire it, some entreat
 The wind to wave back the acacia boughs
 That screen it from the moonlight, others around it
 Press the elastic turf in lightsome dance,
 Or rest reclining, whilst all night it smiled
 The same mild smile : but neither morning's flowers,
 Who ceased their hymns to listen to its music
 So soft and full ; nor spirits of the breeze,
 Who, fainting in its shadow, gained fresh strength
 Contemplating its grace ; nor woodland nymphs,
 Who for its gentle smile selected it
 The witness of their loves and revelry ;
 Dreamed—that within the centre of its roots,
 Ravaged a fierce and unopposed destroyer,
 Gnawing with venomous teeth its shuddering core,
 Sleeplessly raging.

Distant a moth-flight from this suffering lily,
 Centred amidst vast interbranching green,
 A temple of pleasure glowed with the light
 Dazzlingly undulating it within
 Ever with varying hue,—now azure, now roseate,
 Now yellow as amber ; like one gorgeous opal
 It glowed, and in its vast capaciousness
 Exquisitely nerved life sought all sensations,
 Crises, and tides of pleasures. Festival
 Had summoned their beauty and youthfulness,
 The gentle and the gallant : its broad mirrors
 The company multiplies, the space disbounds,
 And its music strangely wantoneth, and aye changeth
 The hue of its light,—till pleasingly bewildered
 Its revellers doubt the earthliness of the scene,
 All precedent circumstance dazzled from their thought,
 All future. Suddenly the music sinks ;
 Each knight prays to some lady, and with smiles,
 And downcast eyelashes, and fluttering body,
 Each lady grants the prayer ; and gently laughing
 Low, tumbling, laughter, gives her beautiful self
 To his disposal, till the murmuring temple
 Holds only happily paired ladies with knights.
 Tinkle, tinkle the bells, the music riseth,
 To its voluptuous onwardings all move ;
 The pairs commingling not ; yet all together

Beneath the golden roof, around the altar,
 Around the ivy crowned illuminate statues
 Of leaping bacchanals,—they move, they dance.
 Longer, and louder, the arising music
 Utters its challenges; in dizzy pleasure
 Each lady smiles divine, with swimming eye,
 And head fallen backward, whilst her partner gazing
 Down in her flushing countenance, whirls her on.
 They pause; the ladies on their worshipping knights
 Lean kind. Now float amongst them gentlest sounds,
 Confusing, folding them; with liquid light
 O'er filling their eyes; and teaching every voice
 Yet gentler lingering; wreathing round each pair
 Deliberate 'prisoning strains, resistlessly,
 Yet fondly binding them:—the music dies;
 Silence possesses the temple; amber dusk
 Fills it from roof to pavement, and therein
 The revellers rest. Anon the wilful queens
 Feign weariness of love toying, and again
 Entreat to dance. Now how the minstrels bend
 And riot in their task; the merciless music
 Sweeps eddying on, and on each lady whirls,
 And whirling aloft her draperies, her limbs
 Startle the hall with symmetry, like sea surge
 The light lace heaped above each shelterless knee.
 The merciless music gives no moment's respite,

Urging all action it sweeps out all thought,
 Its secret hurrying notes bewilder sense,
 Utterly falleth on her lover's bosom
 Each eye-closed lady ; with a cry of joy,
 Her lover takes her.

From the temple's altar,
 Now steps the Empress of this festival ;
 The peerless maiden, round whose crowned beauty
 Delayed the dancing, while the dancers worshipped
 The inscrutable splendour of her lofty brow
 As over all she smiled ; she steps unnoticed,
 And all smile vanishes from her downcast face :
 Hastily she quits her kingdom, and alone
 Threads with impatient steps the winding paths
 Of many gardens, till she reach the place
 Of an acacia, 'neath whose pendant branches
 That suffering lily smiles.
 Why is thy lifted gaze so discontent,
 Beautiful maiden ? yon majestic moon,
 Proud bursting through the gathering clouds of night,
 As a frigate through a storm-tossed sea ! yon stars,
 Happy resplendently ! yon caves of azure,
 Nor storm, nor wind, can near !—have these no power
 To calm the trouble of thy countenance

To fearless reverence ; to assure thy soul
 To comforting love ? Wherefore, oh gentlest one !
 Dost throw thyself in passionate disquiet
 Wild to the ground, scaring the woodland nymphs ?
 Oh ! why repulse yon sky ? The moonlight pains
 her ;—

Uprising, close unto the tree she shrinks,—
 Its trunk supports her ; whitely droops her face :
 The universe is the millstone round her neck ;
 And she cannot lift her eyes. Anon, her voice,—
 Now scarcely heard, as from an outspent struggler,
 Now loud with passionate protest, now broken
 With powerless pity, utters—
 “ Eldest of Deities ! beneath whose reign
 Trembled no sense ; when motionless, and calm,
 All worlds were still, unquivering with pain
 Of central fire ; when no ocean rolled,
 Her serpent form in continent-strangling folds
 Around the struggling earth, thus torture claspt,
 Compelled to toil its endless orbit round,
 The jaws of its still tightening enemy
 Plunged deep into its heart ; when no false spring
 Summoned out flowers to feel the sunshine sweet,
 And then with freezing rains and venomous blights,
 Mocking their joy,—over the delicate petals
 Of azure and pink blossoms, over leaves

Shrinkingly sensitive and verdant, sending
 Filthily crawling insects endlessly,
 As a loathsome slow-dragged sheet ; when human
 things
 Existed not, by momentary stops
 In their monotonous suffering, almost cheated
 To acknowledge life not torture, not a rack,
 Relaxing now and then its furious tension
 To hold alive its victims ; when did never,
 Love—by his voice whose passionate affliction
 Doth wondrously caress, and by the joy
 Serene and serious, in his face and eye
 Apparently enfeatured,—win swift entrance
 To each deluded heart, where, once received,
 He gradually withdraws his beauteous veil,
 In base and hideous buffoonery,
 To laugh, to rage, to soil ; when cruellest Hope,
 Never did rouse and aggravate Desire,
 By promising displays, and amorous movements,
 In rapturous happiness to pursue him even
 To a bridal couch, that there he close may bind her,
 And unpossessed, spring from her pinioned limbs,
 Mocking her burning agony ; when, never,
 Was trampling passion, or unresting torpor,
 Or conflict, or decay :—
 By thy remissness in permitting life

To violate this deep tranquillity;
 Creating lidless eyes, to roll, but close not,
 'Neath skies of fiery brightness; forming hearts
 As delicate as spring's youngest flower cup
 That thirsteth for the purest dew, to fill them
 Up to the very brim with leprous filth;
 By all that I have suffered, agonies
 Which in the cells of memory are not dead,
 But whom I dare not summon, even to witness
 In this great need;—Oh! by this very fear,—
 I dare not look behind, and all before
 Makes my soul sick, the present tramples me,
 I cannot stay, I cannot on, nor back—
 By all this horror, save me :—Hear! oh Death!
 Rouse from thy rest, and hear me, save me, save me,
 Mightiest of gods! Oh! save!
 I plead not ignorant, I not thee deem
 The portal guardian of some paradise,
 I seek no paradise, I seek no heaven,
 I want forgetfulness, I want but rest,
 I want but not to be. Shall I endure
 Resistless years of slavery to life,
 And when too torture-spent to feel his malice,
 Then cease! Oh! let me in my tyrant's presence
 Now tell him he is baffled, bare my limbs
 To his vile gaze, and scorn him with this glory,

'Thine never more.' God thou dost hear me! Ha!
 I shall feel my limbs, as I forsake my couch,
 Weakening, and weakening; up against the sun
 I shall hold my trembling fingers, and perceive
 Increasing thinness; when men talk to me
 About the future, shall I be very silent
 And inwardly smile. Oh! could one die for all!
 Or I be alone life-tortured! millions live;
 I am released, the rack remains, the tyrant
 Smileth immortal;—over those I have loved
 His cold eye rolleth. Heard I now, a noise,
 Not from the sea, and not from cloud, and not
 From centre or surface of the earth, but far,
 Farther than science telleth, gather, and roll,
 Of evident destruction;—saw I now
 Blackness sweep out the stars; and yonder moon,
 Shake like a vessel struck by opposite seas,
 Drop down precipitately, and suddenly stayed,
 Turn a dead face amidst the scurrying clouds
 As a drowned man on the waves:—oh, then! oh, then!
 While this tight globe did split; the maddened ocean
 Like a great white steed upleaping into heaven
 Its death leap; as mown grass the forests falling;
 The voice of an universal cry proclaiming
 All life at once withdrawn;—
 Suddenly would my soul befit its death time

By wonderful growth, and suffer mightiest thoughts
 Of the glory of its storm;—the stricken world
 Grinding its atmosphere to thundering surf
 As wild it plunges :—with enormous joy,
 Feeling myself last-life, I'd hear all cease ;
 And when the air grew icy, when the darkness
 Abolished vision, into the deepening silence
 Would I expire."

From her whitening face
 Now starts its lustre ; closed, her quivering lips ;
 Fallen to the ground by passion, she lies paler
 Than the lily at her side ! Now, suddenly,
 Trembled the moonlight from the gardens ; swiftly,
 Clouds swept before the moon ; a swift cold wind
 Came, bending all the trees ;—she shuddered, dead :—
 In her dark scattered hair, the wind snapt lily
 Lay with its lifeless leaves ; from its bare roots
 Fierce sneaked their worm. Oh, friends ! what secret

woe

Had blooded the vision of this pagan lady,
 That she saw nought but wounded suffering
 In our glad world ! Children of earth ! believe,
 Though but a moth flight distant yonder temple,
 It was no chance that led the lady suffering,

To impart her fate to a like suffering flower ;
For it may make sacred every nook in space,
May annihilate despair, alleviate sorrow
To believe in a rule unseen.

SONG OF THE KINGS OF GOLD.

Ours all are marble halls,
Amid untrodden groves,
Where music ever calls,
Where faintest perfume roves ;
And thousands, toiling moan,
That gorgeous robes may fold,
The haughty forms alone
Of us—the Kings of Gold.

(*Chorus.*) We cannot count our slaves,
Nothing bounds our sway,
Our will destroys and saves,
We let, we create, we slay.

Ha ! ha ! who are Gods ?

Purple, and crimson, and blue,
 Jewels, and silks, and pearl,
 All splendours of form and hue,
 Our charmed existence furl;
 When dared shadow dim
 The glow in our winecups rolled!
 When drooped the banquet-hymn
 Raised for the Kings of Gold!

(*Chorus.*) We cannot count our slaves,
 Nothing bounds our sway,
 Our will destroys and saves,
 We let, we create, we slay.

Ha! ha! who are Gods?

The earth, the earth, is ours!
 Its corn, its fruits, its wine,
 Its sun, its rain, its flowers,
 Ours, all, all!—cannot shine
 One sunlight ray, but where
 Our mighty titles hold;
 Wherever life is, there
 Possess the Kings of Gold.

(*Chorus.*) We cannot count our slaves,

Nothing bounds our sway,
 Our will destroys and saves,
 We let, we create, we slay.

Ha ! ha ! who are Gods ?

And all on earth that lives,
 Woman, and man, and child,
 Us trembling homage gives ;
 Aye trampled, sport-defiled,
 None dareth raise one frown,
 Or slightest questioning hold ;
 Our scorn but strikes them down
 To adore the Kings of Gold.

(*Chorus.*) We cannot count our slaves,
 Nothing bounds our sway,
 Our will destroys and saves,
 We let, we create, we slay.

Ha ! ha ! who are Gods ?

On beds of azure down,
 In halls of torturing light,
 Our poisoned harlots moan,
 And burning, toss to sight ;

They are ours—for us they burn ;
 They are ours, to reject, to hold ;
 We taste—we exult—we spurn—
 For we are the Kings of Gold.

(*Chorus.*) We cannot count our slaves,
 Nothing bounds our sway,
 Our will destroys and saves,
 We let, we create, we slay.
 Ha ! ha ! who are Gods ?

The father writhes a smile,
 As we seize his red-lipped girl,
 His white-loined wife ; aye, while
 Fierce millions burn, to hurl
 Rocks on our regal brows,
 Knives in our hearts to hold—
 They pale, prepare them bows
 At the step of the Kings of Gold.

(*Chorus.*) We cannot count our slaves,
 Nothing bounds our sway,
 Our will destroys and saves,
 We let, we create, we slay.
 Ha ! ha ! who are Gods ?

In a glorious sea of hate,
Eternal rocks we stand ;
Our joy is our lonely state ;
And our trust, our own right hand ;
We frown, and nations shrink ;
They curse, but our swords are old ;
And the wine of their rage, deep drink
The dauntless Kings of Gold.

(*Chorus.*) We cannot count our slaves,
Nothing bounds our sway,
Our will destroys and saves,
We let, we create, we slay.
Ha ! ha ! who are Gods ?

THE MASQUERADE DRESS.

THE hall of the dancers with light was ablaze ;
 But for Cressida's presence the dancing delays ;
 She, alone in her chamber, was sheathing her limbs
 In soft silk, that displayed all their forms and their
 whims ;
 O'er her body, the same silk she brought with gay
 scorn,
 For the rind fits its fruit as this silk sheath was worn.

Beautiful did she stand ; pearl-hued was the vest ;
 To her waist, by degrees, its rich colours increased ;
 To her feet, from her waist, by degrees they did fade,
 And her limbs seemed all light in their faint mas-
 querade ;
 Like a young rose-bud's cup, towards her neck it did
 close ;
 'Tis the garb of a boy ; her breasts underneath rose.

The dance music sounded ; she laughed a boy's
 laugh ;
 And she shook her gay curls down a foot and a half ;
 Then she narrowed her waist with a girl's waist-band,
 And smilingly strove with a boy's stride to stand ;
 In a girl's gentle slippers she slipped her small feet,
 And she sprang towards the hall singing loudly and
 sweet.

“ Who cares for the grape, till his throat be dry ?
 Who blesses the stream, till the sun rides high ?
 What man to his mistress will fitly complain,
 Till she sport with his love, and increase it to pain ?
 I'll lure him, repel him, repel while I lure ;
 For the wilder his passion, the dearer its cure.

“ Love's a chase, and I'll fly ; 'tis the flying invites ;
 A thing nearly lost, shows tenfold its delights ;
 Should chance dare dishevel my robes as I'm
 flown,
 Why, I'll turn to tread down the pert chance, and be
 shown.

Tush ! what though the vision my huntsman inflame,
 The more ardent the hunting, the dearer the game.

“Should he flag in the chase, I shall happen to fall;
And prostrate, and helpless, his name I shall call:
He will lift me—he’ll trick to caress me the while;
And I’ll be too faint quite to note the fond guile.
Tush! what though the burthen his love makes to
burn,
The fondlier he’ll pray me to hold him in turn.

“Should prudes blame my dress, Oh! all beautiful
braid,
Yellow, crimson, and green, over it shall be played;
Like snakes on their sunny banks, soft it shall wind,
Everywhere where a place it can fancy or find;
I’ll not feign one repulse, but right onward I’ll lure,
Laughing out to my lover,—love makes its own cure!”

REMEMBRANCE OF FEELINGS.

Oh ! never may the heart regain
 Past feelings, as the mind may thought ;
 Departed joy leaves dreariest pain,
 But memory of its nature !—nought :
 Then cease remembrance to reprove ;
 I shall forget, alas ! too soon,
 Not that you gave me leave to love,
 But what, the heaven, that was that boon.

I shall forget,—nay ! World 's alone !
 I shall remember, with dark fear,
 With mean disgust at all that 's known,
 With self-despair's most lying sneer,—
 That this life loved you, and that then
 Its ramifications shot through heaven ;

And thrilled with measureless rapture, when
 Thereby heaven's bliss to you seemed driven.

I shall remember I was pure ;
 Fearlessly loving, ever, the whole ;
 Sure that eternity's obscure,
 All paradised bright stars did roll,
 That bearing you, there I might soar,
 The joy in your cheek still wildly eying,
 Its happiness light yet deepening more,
 The more my strength rose, heaven defying.

I shall remember each love scene,
 From love's first dawn, to this wild end ;
 Your deepening clasp, your rapturous mien,
 The murmuring sounds your heart did send ;—
 Take, take his jewels from your brow ;
 Bend, if your heart be not cold stone ;
 And I will whisper to you now,
 What the forgettings that I moan.

I shall forget what was that heaven,
 Through which my loving life did spread ;

I shall forget the bliss me given,
 When it seemed you through that heaven I led;
 I shall forget how feel the pure,
 Though remembering their bliss divine;
 How pulsed the life yours did immure,
 Though remembering that life was mine.

And these forgetting, all beside
 In life, will darken deepening gloom;
 The world of these deprived, denied,
 Will seem to surge, a reeking tomb;
 Such darkness may be truth, but when
 We loved, how different dreamed this heart;
 Might I recall love's feelings, then
 Perchance the dream might not depart.

Then cease remembering to reprove;
 I shall forget, alas! too soon,
 Not that you gave me leave to love,
 But what, the heaven, that was that boon.
 Would, lady! that the heart could gain
 Past feelings, as the mind may thought;
 The hours might then give up their pain,
 And be with memoried raptures fraught.

ODE TO THOUGHT.

WHETHER you make futurity your home,
 Spirits of thought !
 Or past eternity ;—come to me, come !
 For you have long been sought :
 I've looked to meet you in the morning's dawn,
 Often, in vain ;
 I've followed to her haunts the wild young fawn ;
 Through sunshine, and through rain,
 I have waited long and fondly ; surely you will come,
 Familiarly as doves returning to their home.

Oh ! I have need of you ; if you forsake
 My troubled mind,
 Whence can it strength and consolation take,
 Or peace or pleasure find ?

For the great sake of the eternal spring
 Of all your might,—
 Unto me desolate, some comfort bring;
 Unto me dark, some light :
 Come crowdingly, and swift, that I may see,
 Upon your wings their native radiancy.

I know that ye must have a glorious dwelling :—
 Whether it rise
 Past mortal ken, where the old winds are swelling
 Choired cries ;
 Whether, like eagles, on some lunar mountain
 Ye fold your wings ;
 Or sport beside that rosy and tranquil fountain,
 Whence daylight springs ;
 I know your home is beautiful ; and this belief
 Brings glowing sunshine thro' the cloudiness of grief.

Come not with softened utterance of the song,
 That gushes in your land ;
 But as ye hear it, undisturbed, and strong,
 Pour it where now I stand ;
 A glorious echo these hanging cliffs shall roll
 O'er this great sea ;

However far it speed, shall speed my soul
 Thrice lifed with glee ;
 Will it not lead where I may clearly see,
 Countries whose law is love, whose custom, liberty !

There is a noise within this tranquil heaven !
 This ocean has a voice !
 Through these tall trees a mighty tone is driven,
 That bids me to rejoice.
 In the clear greenness of these tumbling waters,
 I see a face,
 Exceeding far in beauty man's pale daughters !
 Bright and unwavering grace
 Sits round its brows, proclaiming heavenly glory ;
 Around it leap the waves, roaring to whiteness hoary.

Ye come ! ye come ! like stars down the dark night,
 Boldly leaping !
 I hear the mighty rushing of your flight,
 Loud music sweeping.
 The unconceived splendour of your speed,
 Is not more great
 Than the oceanic choirings that precede
 And tide your state ;

Fill me with strength to bear, and power to tell,
The wonders gathering round, that man may love me
well.

EARLY SPRING.

I ALWAYS roved the woodlands o'er,
In the early time of spring;
But never had discerned before,
What, seeing now, I sing :
So faileth oft the soul to see
The beauty round it rife,
That none may think how sweet would be
Perfectly visioned life.

No young green leaves bedecked the trees,
Only the thrush did sing,
And his song rose not, but did steal,
Timidly whispering;
No flowers did paint the wind-swept meads,
No fragrance skimmed the air;

The sunshine on the ponds shone cold,—
Cold were the paths, and bare.

But the sky was blue with its own soft blue,
And the sunshine pierced the wind,
And would cling to the trunks of the forest kings,
Where the shivering primrose pined :
And there was not a cloud to mar the hope
That shone in the soft blue sky ;
And the air was so clear, that the wrinkles of care
Were smiled away from the eye.

When, gazing round me, gentlest rest
Into my soul did flow ;
Such rest as summer evening sends,
When labourers homeward go ;
I knew not whence this rest could come,—
The air was busy and bright,
And the forest torrent raged along,
Heavily rolling white.

I laid beneath an ancient elm,
Vexed to be made the slave

Of influence I could not see,
 Or appropriate, or outbrave ;
 But as mine eyes did read the boughs
 Countlessly o'er me wove,
 There came to me even gentler rest,
 And then no more I strove ;

But passive lay, till I surmised
 'Twas the tree that gave the rest ;
 And I sent my gaze through all his boughs,
 With loving and trusting quest :
 No leaves were winged, its sprigs and stems,
 Countlessly many, I saw ;
 They all did flourish different wise,
 Yet none did apart withdraw.

And I noticed they all were rounded soft,
 And feathered with buds of down ;
 And, though hued with the hue of juicy life,
 Richly and greenishly brown,
 That these multitudinous varying boughs,
 Unteased with leaves slept still ;
 Hence cometh my rest, I cried, and rose,
 And gazed at each tree-clad hill.

And in bold relief against the sky,
 Everywhere round me, rose
Innumerably, these leafless trees;
 And I saw the deep repose—
Not a torpid sleep, but a living rest—
 In their soft and nerverlike boughs,
Spread betwixt me and that azure heaven,
 Whose lustre such vision allows.

And now I maintain that the earliest spring,
 Though boasting no scarlet or green,
Hath its own peculiar beauteousness,
 In the leafless and moveless treen;
Whose branches sleep in the golden air,
 Passively bearing its tide;
Soft with the down of a thousand buds,
 Unitedly branching wide.

THE GEM OF COQUETTES.

A SONG ! a song ! Kate, a song !
 To your spirited stomacher sure must belong !
 Curving out,
 With pertinent pout,
 The most exquisite orb in creation above ;
 Displaying the grace
 Of each neighbouring place,
 And the forms of the limbs that beneath him move ;
 Oh ! why seem severe !
 Why, why should you fear
 Your stomacher's history, mistress, to hear !

You gave him his place, and taught him to ride,
 Soon after you from your bed did slide ;—
 From bosom to knee,
 So unreasonably,

Your shape was veiled, that the glass did frown,
 And so you took
 With your wickedest look,
 This gem of coquettes, and bound him down,
 To wanton and pout,
 And show you out,
 And make all your lovers grow very devout.

And truly with all the most gallant of airs,
 Through the parlours he rides you, he rides you up
 stairs,
 Seeming to say,—
 Here I'm ordered to stay,
 The underneath beauty to guard and invest ;—
 While sily he shows,
 How each moment that flows,
 That beauty against him swells scornful protest ;
 And well though he knows,
 How his tricks expose,
 With exquisite insolence, on he goes.

A truce ! a truce ! mistress, a truce !
 In a moment this history I will reduce,
 If you'll let me kneel,

And gently steal,
From this gem of coquettes a devotional kiss;—
Else I follow him still,
Till at midnight's thrill,
You bid him good-bye; and much more than this
Will I boldly relate,
And with song celebrate,
Of him, and his fellows too, beautiful Kate.

A DEVELOPMENT OF IDIOTCY.

FEARFUL the chamber's quiet; the veiled windows
Admit no breath of the out-door throbbing sunshine;
She moans in the bed's dusk;—some sharp revulsion
Shuddereth her lips as though she strives to cry,
But finds no voice: she draweth up her limbs,
They flutter fast and shake their covering.
Seven watch her, as might men a noonday sun,
Who vanishing backward in the top of heaven,
Leaves them all blindly staring through the dark;—
Physicians and servitors;—pryingly they bend,
While by her head kneels one in agony.
A gloom seems passing o'er her countenance,
As the shadow of a cloud across a field;
Perchance the ghastly expression of the horror
With which life ends: it darkened but a moment;
Now she turns white as stone, as fixed, as dead.

God ! ten days hence she laughed out in thy sun-
shine !

Her filmed eyes looked, gestured happiness !—
They have no look at all.

The seven shuffle from the bed which hides
Her clutching fingers, and her doubled limbs,
So stiffening 'twixt its sheets ; and one by one,
They cowering glance towards her fallen mouth,
And all together hurry from out the room,
Not caring to leave it singly. All is still ;
He rises from the ground, fast locks the door,
Breaks through her couch-clothes, feels about her
heart ;—

All there is motionless : he lifts her hand ;—
There is nothing but dead form, it moves not, warms
not,

It weighs, it slides away, it drops like lead,
Lies where it dropped : recoiling, the man gasps,
As though by ocean seized : his jaws contract,
He bounds, he rends the window ; savagely
Looking right up into the broad blue sky,
No congruous curses aid him,—he is silent,
Save with his clenched hands, his writhing face,
His heaving chest.

He was a force-filled man,
 Whom the wise envy not; his passionate soul,
 Being mighty to detect life's secret beauty,
 Detecting, would display; and in his youth,
 When first bright visions unveiled before his gaze
 Their moral loveliness and physical grace,
 With the sweet melody of affectionate clamour
 He sang them to the world, and bade it worship :
 But the world unrecognized his visions of goodness,
 Or recognizing, hated them and him.
 As some full cloud foregoes his native country
 Of sublime hills, where bask'd he near to heaven,
 And descends gently on his shadowy wings
 Through the hot sunshine to refresh all creatures;
 So came he to the world;—as the same cloud
 Might slowly wend back to his Alpine home,
 Unwatering the plain,—so left he men
 Who knew not of their loss.

Yet sad was loneliness, and never beheld he
 Aught beautiful amidst our world of beauty—
 From sunsets flushing heaven with sudden crimson,
 To the moth's wing that spots the poplar leaf;
 Never developed he fact, or dreamed he glory,
 Without being faint for sympathy,—that one

Might share with him his blissful adoration,
 Loving even as he loved. This holy want
 Wasted him unto sickness : then she came ;
 And while he hung above death's gloomy gulf,
 Sternly considering its maddening stillness,
 Measuring the plunge ;—her soft voice called to him :
 He turned ; he saw her eyes his soul acquiring ;
 He saw her look of woman's infinite giving ;
 He saw her arms of eloquent entreaty,
 Praying indeed to clasp him : yea, she saved ;
 And Oh ! but he was happy, for her being
 Loved all things as he loved, and thence to him
 Came hope and rapturous quiet. Then, no more
 Lamented he the wingless minds of men,
 Than pines the swan,—who down the midnight river,
 Moves on considering the reflected stars,—
 Because dark reptiles burrowing in the ooze,
 Care not for starry glories.

She is dead within that bed ; and never more
 Will she hearken to his dreams of paradise,
 And wind her arms around him, sweetly paling
 With excess of happiness.

Three days and nights he haunted a near mountain;
 The sky was cloudless, and the sunshine strong,
 And not one mournful breeze ever stole to him,
 Loosening his tears. High on its top he stood;
 His voice rose solemn, and loud, and fearlessly:—
 The angels watching him midway in the air,
 Rushed swift to heaven, and all heaven's shining group
 Weepingly pleaded against his blasphemy;—
 "Roll back! thou lying robe of halcyon blue!
 And let me speak unto thy cowering Lord,
 The slayer of my love, that I may tell him
 My infinite hate, that he may slaughter me:
 He has killed her: I will not have his life;—
 Thou lying robe of halcyon blue! roll back!"
 The peaks prolonged with echoings his defiance;
 Still the sky stirred not—still the sunshine smiled,
 And beneath the smile low rose a low wild sound:—
 "And then my breast will be as cold as hers,—
 My face as white—as signless."

The fourth day, back he rushed into the chamber,
 Where she lay confined. None dared speak to him;
 Great grief is majesty; he is alone.
 Oh! is that she, or can it all be dreaming!
 Fine lace is plaited round her countenance;

Her eyes are closed, as they would seem to say,
 "My last farewell is taken." Round her lips
 Is fixed a sweet smile; her shrunken hands
 Are clasped upon her bosom, their dark fingers
 Cunningly hidden. Can it all be dreaming!
 Striving to stare the mistiness from his eyes,
 Gripping his throat, he lightly presses her hand,—
 The pressure of his fingers doth not vanish;—
 Senseless he falls.

This singer of the beautiful, who retreated
 Back from a scowling world; this force-filled man,
 Who finding nothing whereunto he might sing,
 Of power unuttered, and of passion unshared,
 Nigh died; this gentle minister of love,
 Who, hailed by loving sympathy, thrice lived,
 In singing his deities, and seeing them loved,
 And loving their lover, and forgetting all else;—
 Is now a thing that hideth most fair weathers,
 Outwandering in most glooms,—after whose path
 The village boys shout "idiot," that some sport
 His face may make them, when it turns enraged
 With idiot rage, that slinks to empty smiles,
 And tears, and laughter, empty. His chief habit
 Is secretly rending peacemeal beauteous flowers;—

He ever shows when the groaning thunder toils,
And when the lightnings flash! and they who meet
His shrinking, shuddering, blank countenance,
Wonder to heaven with somewhat shaken trust.

YOUTH'S DEPARTURE.

OH ! all the bliss of youth must end,
 His boundless trust, his fancied home,
 His noble instinct to expend
 His heart away where'er he roam ;
 Even Nature's face will take his gaze,
 And glance him back no thrill ;
 He'll wander down life's thousand ways,
 And be a wanderer still.

This is his doom !—to look around
 With eyes unused to gloom,
 And find no splendour deck the ground,
 No song, no scent, no bloom :
 This is his doom !—to watch decaying,
 As soon as it dawns, the light ;
 To follow the morning, bravely straying,
 And meet with a dreary night.

And thus to see your youth departing,
Is to watch your chain clenched on ;
Blow after blow fresh anguish darting ;—

Oh! when will youth be gone !
'Tis to find yourself all lonely leaving
A friend o'ercrowded shore,
In a wizard barque, whose rudderless heaving,
Will waft you back no more.

HIGH SUMMER.

I NEVER wholly feel that summer is high,
However green the trees, or loud the birds,
However movelessly eye winking herds,
Stand in field ponds, or under large trees lie,—
Till I do climb all cultured pastures by,
That hedged by hedgerows studiously fretted trim,
Smile like a lady's face with lace laced prim,
And on some moor or hill that seeks the sky
Lonely and nakedly,—utterly lie down,
And feel the sunshine throbbing on body and limb,
My drowsy brain in pleasant drunkenness swim,
Each rising thought sink back, and dreamily drown,
Smiles creep o'er my face, and smother my lips, and
 cloy,
Each muscle sink to itself, and separately enjoy.

A HAPPY SADNESS.

ONE smile is all thy brow, love,
Thine eyes are all delight ;
And many a sprite I trow, love,
Watches thee through the night ;
But though thy brow and eyes,
With deep delight are glad,
Though most thy joy I prize,
Yet I am sad.

I joy to watch thy brow, love,
When not toward me its sky ;
When glorious thought, as now, love,
Bright riots in thine eye ;
But when thy steadfast gaze
Of love o'erfills my heart,

No answering glance I raise,
 But tears will start.

Oh ! do not read my sigh, love,
 As if it languaged woe ;
 In silence I would die, love,
 Ere woe to thee I'd show ;
 Nor deem that I repine
 Intenser love to wring ;
 As heaven is earth's thou'rt mine ;—
 Yet tears will spring.

For I can never speak, love,
 One half the faith I feel ;
 And song is all too weak, love,
 My passion to reveal ;
 And music hath no measure,
 In nature nought can be,
 To sign how vast the treasure,—
 Thy love to me.

And how cans't thou believe, love,
 The love I cannot speak ;

And sometimes may'st thou grieve, love,
To think my passion weak;
Oh ! heaven-souled ! well I heed
Heaven's love should'st thou have had ;
Mine's heaven's, but cannot plead,
And I am sad.

HARDINESS OF LOVE.

OH! Love is a hardy flower,
That anywhere will blow;
In sunshine, or in shower,
In happiness, or woe:—
A lady, sitting lone,
Was very sadly singing;
“ No hope pervades my moan,
Despair my heart is wringing;
I lured him from the side
Of one who loved him well;
And now a maniac bride
She fills a maniac’s cell;
He sought my love for peace,
And when it could not be,
His prayers did wildly cease,
He died in pardoning me.”

Oh ! Love is a hardy flower,
 That anywhere will blow ;
 In sunshine, or in shower,
 In happiness, or woe :—
 A youth was passing by,
 And heard this lady's strain,
 And answered, " Guiltier I,
 Would death would end my pain ;
 A girl had made her heart
 A glorious throne for me,
 From all she did depart,
 And brought to me its key ;
 I loved her not, I took,
 And I did coldly prey ;
 Then drave her with my look,
 To mart her charms away."

Oh ! Love is a hardy flower,
 And anywhere will blow ;
 In sunshine, or in shower,
 In happiness, or woe :—
 To the lady's eyes, did look
 The youth's, with pity dim ;
 And when her hand he took,
 She looked the same to him ;

Her cheek to his he pressed,
Their forms together fell,
And though they wept,—the rest
'Twere very vain to tell ;—
For love is a hardy flower,
That anywhere will blow ;
In sunshine, or in shower,
In happiness, or woe.

A SLAVE'S TRIUMPH.

“DEATH to the aristocrats!” the people roared,—
Death to my master—each man fiercely thought,—
As through the capital of France they poured,
A revolution’s mob, with madness fraught :
Before a stately building paused one band ;
Awhile its leader bade them there abide ;
And where his Lord and his Lord’s kindred stand,
He sprang and cried—

“Where is your scorn ! where is the insolent eye,
Narrowing its lids to look at me ; where, where,
The averted face that seemed wrenched awry,
Sick at my presence, that ye yet did bear,
Even to enslave me ! seem thus sick once more !
With narrowing eyes now speak me your decree !

For beneath your palace, human tigers roar!

I hold the key !

“You merciless wretches! what! you kneel, you whine,
To smile to me, you dare! one smile again,
And the mob is rending ye :—rise, masters mine !
I’ll give you a boon to see your old disdain ;
To hear your words, slow, insolent, as of yore
Chuckle at the shame they knew they burned through
me ;

For beneath your palace, human tigers roar!

I hold the key !

“God ! how they hate me! this, this, this, is life!
Aha ! white fiends ! I am merciless ! one hour
Ago, and ye might have slain me with the knife,
When ’neath your whips my flesh did shrink and
cower !

Had ye but known, when to slay me ye forbore,
How I drank your blood, while I for life did plea!
For the tigers are starved that underneath you roar !

And I hold the key !

“ Can you not tell these avengers of my shame
How I loathe, despise them ;—ye were saved, saved,
saved !

The beasts have licked your feet, and again would
tame !

Aha ! they will sword you when this hand is waved !
They will wrench your hearts out ! stumble in your
gore !

Can you not speak them ! beasts they are like ye !
But mine, mine, mine ! for you they rage and roar !

I hold the key !

INACTIVITY.

ON such a day as this, when songs of birds,
Floating through wide flung windows, upon breezes
Woodbine and clover scented, gently trouble
The happy and basking spirit to desires
For yet more happiness ; when the rich hedges
Sleep on the fields so still and sunnily,
That housemen long to go and lie beside them,
In their long grass, hay dry, and poppy thronged,
To make companions of the grasshoppers,
And sleepily dream towards the insect motives
Impelling their quick leaps ;—who has not taken
His country staff, unto the household saying,
“ I go to seek if of the flowers of spring,
One violet be left,” and quietly strolled
Lonesomely out unto the fields and trees,
Entering upon the broad brown waving meadows,
As a seafowl giving herself unto the sea,

When its waves are calm ; and then beneath some
 hedge,
 Yieldingly lain himself in pleasant languor :
 Letting his head fall deep amidst the hay,
 His eyelids shutting out the external world,
 His mind considering nothing, pleasantly powerless ;
 Or if perchance a stray thought steals to it,
 'Tis of its own tranquillity.

The sunshine of this summer afternoon,
 Not in my parlour entered ; but abroad
 Copiously as ever, it everywhere dwelt ;
 Surrendering itself up unto each tree,
 To be spilled about on all the leaves and twigs,
 Sleeping in all the secret crevices
 Of the rich rose ; broad o'er the sweeping hills,
 The swelling meadows, and the spangled gardens,
 Benignantly outspread. I gazed, and 'gazed ;
 I gave a moment to encase my books,
 And I was in the sunshine, and my blood
 Sprang at its greeting. I was in the fields,
 And up around me sprang the larks like rockets
 On a jubilee day :—a bank of sand surmounting,
 I stepped into a wood, with pleasant care,
 Opening the twining branches, that imposed

Desirable hindrance : angrily screamed
 A swiftly darting throstle on before me ;
 Two bees adown the narrow pathway flew,
 And a bewildered butterfly ; I stayed,
 To joy in the delicious noise of leaves,
 In the fresh earthy smells ;—I wandered on,
 Past the slow pacing pheasant, and the jay,
 Who would not let me leave him, but still followed
 With his harsh scream. And now I reached an
 opening,

A short turfed lawn, that fenced by silvery stems
 Of circling beeches, seemed a quiet home.
 I entered ; flowingly between the trees
 Floated the blackbird's strains ; they paused, I paused ;
 Raising in sympathy to the tranquil heaven
 My tranquil thought ; like a great eye it shone,
 It seemed to bend in love ; I gazed, and gazed ;
 Its look sank nearer me ; I gasped, I fell,
 Panting to be embraced up by the heaven,
 As virgin womanhood for love's caress ;
 My soul close clung to that far stretching glory,
 'Neath which I reeled : it stretched there undisturbed
 By tower or boundary, and my tranced spirit
 Passively drank in its elysian calm.
 Oh, blue, blue sky ! oh, fathomlessly blue sky !
 Your motionless band of silvery cloudlets,

Like white swans sleeping on a windless lake,
 In happy undesiring repose,—were not
 More compassed by you, more retired within you,
 Than I, in that blest time ; nor wish, nor thought,
 Nor hope, nor grief, found room within my being,
 Filled with your beautiful presence.

Within the sanctuary of these circling trees,
 Thus lay I, slave to the sky ; when a white deer,
 Noiselessly through the intertangled boughs
 Did thrust his head ; he shrank, and in the forest
 Back vanished, most like a silvery cloud.
 Retreating, he had shaken on my face
 A blown convolvulus ; the which upholding
 Against the sun, that I might read its veins,
 From its recess a crimson-scaled wonder,
 A ladybird with richly-spotted wings
 Soared through the sunshine. Now from heaven's
 thrldom
 My mind this insect's flight enfranchised ;
 And being freed to all the things around,
 They all impressed me. Now I heard the partridge
 Make the copse echo with his cheerful crow ;
 Anon my pulsings seemed to keep the time
 Of the cuckoo's music ; in the sun's faint streamings,

I watched the twinkling bands of tipsy insects ;
 I watched the sun's gold lustre through the leaves,
 Illuminating all their make, descend,
 As the breeze swerved them into it for a moment,
 Letting them drop again. A hundred beauties,
 Words will not image, thronged my echoing soul ;
 And she from all instinctively did abstract
 Their capital feature ; life,—a massive lyre,
 On my proud thought-directed vision rose,
 Swinging within its home of boundlessness,
 Singing for ever in an Eternal Breeze,
 Of whom, this landscape, with its gentle beauty,
 Was one soft utterance.

A little while,
 The contemplation of this abstract thought,
 Possessed me with content ; but soon there came,
 Like a chill wind, a sense of gloominess.
 The heavens were blue ; "Yes," sighed I, "they
 are blue,
 But what of blue?" the birds continued singing,
 But song seemed nought ; the leaves were green
 and golden ;
 "Oh," moaned I, "what good in green or golden,
 Or trees, or birds, or skies, or anything?"

The unity in the boundlessness of life,
 Gave me no thrill.
 Philosophy ! expound me whence this gloom ;
 And why, when I had called the village cur,
 As he rushed hare chasing through my lonely glade ;
 And had made the circles of his eyes grow brighter,
 His tail quick wag out with exuberant joy,
 His teeth affectionately bite my hand,—
 By my caresses,—unobserved by me,
 The gloomful pain did pass from out my being ;
 Leaving a tranquil sadness, that but waited
 A change of place, to grow to cheerful calm !
 Is it that man is all too great, to rest
 The passive slave of any heaven or earth,
 Of nature's shows and forces ? Of a God,
 Hath man the causative destiny and essence ?
 Must he fulfil such destiny, or find pain ?
 And rose within my being this troubling gloom
 From passiveness continued ? Did it pass,
 While I was making glad the village cur,
 Because I commenced to influence ?

The hermit

Must have his redbreast to supply with crumbs ;
 The dungeoned captive makes himself, of spiders,

Things to protect and feed ; the evil man,
To expend his passion to influence, will torture ;
The good man blesses, at the same impulsion ;—
But to influence both require.

TO A PERSONATION OF ARIEL AT THE
THEATRE.

BEAUTIFUL Croucher under old Prospero's power!
 Ever didst thou hold in sight that jubilee day,
 Whose gates should free thee into many a bower,
 Where boughs drop blossoms, and where wild bees
 stray;
 The alacrity with which thou didst obey
 Sprang from this very expectancy; and how well,
 Every expression of thy body did display
 This one vivid motive, might peradventure tell,
 Thy poet, the Ariel's God, the God of Prospero's
 cell.

For was no fear on thine obedient brow;
 Nor pleasuring of the present; eagerly bright,

With hope, and not with joy, did it avow
 Impatient anxiousness of coming delight ;
 While still thy swift form fluttered for flight,
 Ever with glanced out head, and bended knees ;
 A beautiful restlessness, an earth-bound sprite
 Listening its own heaven-music tinge the breeze,
 Noticing not earth's sands, heeding not earth's green
 trees.

A thousand eyes did watch thy restless stay ;
 A thousand ears heard thy fine wits retrieve
 Repeated promises of thy jubilee day ;
 And as for some caged bird whose bonds aggrieve,
 They grieved for thee ;—but when thou didst enweave
 Into thy song, “ Do you love me, master ? No ! ”
 Oh a thousand hearts did yearn for thy reprieve,
 For they felt thy heart with love could overflow,
 And that to expend that love thou didst desire to go.

“ Thing of the elements ! ” beautifully started
 Thy touching question ; unconnectedly asked ;
 Beauteously unconnect,—for when deep-hearted
 Have questionings long been, from the heart thus
 tasked,

They will gush at any time, unbidden, unmasked ;
 And thy sudden " Do you love me, master? No ! "
 Told us, that though in cowslip's bell thou hadst
 basked,—

Ever since thou hadst served the churlish Prospero,
 Thou hadst deeply longed that love betwixt ye twain
 might grow.

If a new sound should music through the sky,
 How would all hearing drink the challenging tone;
 And when thou utteredst thy denying reply
 To this questioning of love, as Ariel alone
 Only could utter it, suddenly making known
 New voice, new human music ;—then did burn
 Each listener, to divine, ere it were gone,
 What feelings toned it ; though none might learn,
 How many, divine and deep, in that sweet " No "
 did yearn.

And when old Prospero's farewell set thee free,
 Heavens ! how we rose, as brake thy farewell singing
 Richly and strong, to hail thy beauteous glee ;
 We saw thee bend, as though even homeward wing-
 ing ;

We saw thine eyelids quiver beneath the springing
Anew to thine heart, of the memory of thy life,
Where the bee sucks, where summer sounds are
ringing;

Merrily, merrily abandoning, rose thy strain,
And our hearts did sink with bliss e'en while thy
flight did pain.

L I F E.

Oh! who said that life was a vanishing show!
A cheat to humanity given!
How could he be poet, when poets, we know,
Can change even hell into heaven!
Oh! how could he slander my beautiful world,
So softly and brilliantly changing;
Over each fading scene fairer hues are unfurled,
So that fancy may ever go ranging.
Oh lovely is the green green earth,
With stars around her beaming:
And glorious is a mortal's birth,
For life is more than dreaming.

He sighed that the blossoms of beauty and youth
Should brighten the path to a tomb;

Why did he forget that their goodness and truth,

Would shine on and soften its gloom!

Would shine on and soften? sweet minstrel!—no,

rather

Would change to a sweet quiet shade,

That haven of rest where mortalities gather,

Like babes, in a calm cradle laid!

Oh lovely is the green green earth,

With stars around her beaming;

And glorious is a mortal's birth,

For life is more than dreaming.

THE MOURNER'S ISLE.

THE endless rains that gently fall
In Carisbrook Castle Island, dear,
Can soften the mourner's heart, and call
From his burning brain the loosening tear ;
Then voyage with me to that wizard isle,
There longest on earth will sad memories delay :
Its sunshine is only a softly sad smile ;
And its flowers are too tender and brief to be gay.

There will ne'er pain thee jest or joy ;
Its life is as still as its gliding streams ;
And the peasant you meet, and the peasant's boy,
Wend there as if sadly remembering sweet dreams ;
There the herds are all pensive ; the winds all are low ;
By starts the birds warble ; each tree seems a pall ;

And there never despair robs the heart of its woe,
To leave it accurst with cold hatred for all.

When its sadness, its smiles, and its gentle rain,
Shall have loosened thy tears, away I will flee ;
For I know that a friend is a bitter pain,
When a love is gone to eternity :
Oh ! retreat to the isle ! no more may I pray ;
The one who should move thee so, sister, is gone ;
But in that wizard isle, still his memory would stay ;
And unfound and unseen thou may'st weep there
alone.

SONG OF THE GOLD GETTERS.

"The essence of trade is to buy cheap, and sell dear."—*House of Commons, England, 1843.*

OH! truth may have suited the knights of old,
 And have royally crowned the barbarian's brow ;
 And the Hottentot's mother his grave may have
 scrolled,
 With "He never once lied ;" but Utopia now,
 In our civilized world, is the only land
 Where truth could be worshipped, where truth could
 live ;
 For from statesman to tradesman, all utterance is
 planned,
 Any meanings but true ones to hint at or give.
 Lie! let us lie! make the lies fit ;
 It's the only way mortals their fortunes can knit.

If the minister orders war ships at a foe,
 He pretends they are bound quite a different way ;

And where is the man that shall dare to throw
 Disdain on the lie, or the truth to say ;
 The traveller, hearing the lion's roar,
 Lies to the lion by feigning death,
 And lives by the lie ; and what can there be more
 In the minister's lie to the enemy's teeth !
 Lie ! let us lie ! make the lies fit ;
 It's the only way mortals their fortunes can knit.

“ The best policy's honesty,” horn-books tell,
 Though we know who lies best gets the best of the
 pelf ;—
 'Tis the sire for his children the axiom likes well,
 For the lie's an advantage he wants all himself ;
 For the same cunning reason, your pulpits, your
 thrones,
 Your senates, your judges, the axiom repeat ;
 Each wants to monopolise lying, and moans
 That he can't with this lie, truth from other men
 cheat.
 Lie ! let us lie ! make the lies fit ;
 It's the only way mortals their fortunes can knit.

Truth now starves in garrets, or rots in a gaol,

Whate'er may have been in the times gone by ;
 And supremacy national, "cakes and ale,"
 Honour, and station, reward the lie ;
 Let us lie then like statesmen, like fathers, and gold
 We shall heap and keep ;—the world is war
 And out of war's articles, none will uphold
 The virtue of truth when a falsehood gains more.

(*Chorus.*)—Lie ! let us lie ! Oh ! we'll make the
 lies fit ;

It's the only way mortals their fortunes can knit.

EYEING THE EYES OF ONE'S MISTRESS.

WHEN down the crowded aisle, my wandering eyes
 'Lighted on thine fixed scanningly on my face,
 They struck not passion fire, but in their place
 Did settlingly fix themselves, contemplative wise,
 Thine eyes to fathom;—for as one that lies
 On mountain side where thick leaved branches vein
 'Twixt him and the sun, and gazes o'er the plain
 That wide beneath him variedly amplifies;
 I think my being was elevatedly lain
 On its own thought, and in thy being gazing
 With tranquil speculation, that did gain
 Singular delight: thus mine eyes thine appraising,
 By dial reckoning, only a moment spent;
 Whole ages, by the heart's right measurement.

But when thine eyelids bent into thy gaze
Nearing regard, and instigating light ;
Their lashes narrowing o'er the dewy blaze
That suddenly thine eyes did appetite ;
Narrowing as if thou feared'st to invite
Too utterly, but truly that their motion
Caressingly closing faintly, might excite
My tranquil gaze to passionate devotion ;—
Then, suddenly seemed I an infinite life ;
Infinitely falling down before thy shrine ;
Infinitely praying thy descent ; the strife
Of the aisle's crowd seemed gone ; thine eyes and
mine,
Devouring distance, into each other grew ;
While thine unfeigning lids gloriously upward flew.

R E P O S E I N L O V E.

I FLEW to thee, love, I flew to thee, love,
From a world where all's deceit ;
The river rushing to the sea, love,
Speeds not so wildly fleet :
And now while bask'd beneath thine eyes,
Where truth so calmly glows ;
Than the saint's first rest in Paradise,
I know more sweet repose.

In former times beside thee glowing,
I've seen all life grow bright ;
Kindness o'er hardest faces flowing ;
O'er falsehood new truth-light :
And then I thought it matchless bliss,
To see the stars twice shine,
All baseness from the earth to miss,
Because I felt me thine.

But now I know joy deeper far,
Attends our love's career ;
It now no more veils life's vile war,
But lifts me past life's sphere ;
And no joy may with this compare,—
I see life's base design,
Yet know no fear, no pain, no care,
Because I feel me thine.

SONG TO A ROSE.

BEAUTIFUL rose ! a song for thee,
This shiny month of June ;
Thy red buds brighten every tree,
And so my soul in tune,
Would carol thy beauty, star of the wildwood !
Image and joy of careless childhood !

I strive to sing, but mine eyes grow dim,
I fray thy leaves away,
And the music sinks to a mournful hymn,
For thy declining day ;
How shall I sing thee, star of the wildwood !
Trembling and sad like advancing childhood !

Slower the melody, slacker the string,
Thine heart of hearts I have won ;
And the delicate hues of thine innermost ring,
Are stripped, and stained, and—gone ;
How shall I sing thee, star of the wildwood !
Ravished away like the joys of childhood !

Silent the melody, broken the string,—
Thy light is shed for ever,—
Never more may the shower fresh fragrancy bring ;—
But the spirit would break to *say* “ Never ; ”
Fiercely I weep—star of the wildwood !
Utterly lost like the joys of childhood !

TO A CORPSE WATCHER.

EARTH hath no home for thee! whither wouldst thou!
 Fear'st thou the death-light damping its brow!
 Would'st thou gnash thy wild wrath at the world's
 life-smile!

Or against the unknown blindly howl thy revile!
 Turn thee! turn thee! sit by its bed;
 With its hand in thy hand, learn the feel of the dead;
 Think how she yesternight danced down thy hall,
 Laughing out gentle light to each melody's call,
 Glancing thee girlhood's love, when her fine foot did
 fall

In the arch feats of dance!

Earth hath no home for thee! sit by its bed;
 And thy fury will sink, when thou feel'st it quite
 dead;

For the shadows thou sawest, that rose in its face,
 When its mouth shuddered down into death's fixed
 grimace,—

The shadows that rose in its face, and therefrom
 Came with a shudder,—more blackly shall come
 From that same white face in steady succession,
 And fill all the room with their soundless procession,
 Till thine eye-balls shall start from their swift retro-
 gression,

Darkening down from the roof.

And the gloom of those shadows shall sink in thy
 brain,

Expelling all thought, and deadening all pain ;
 The tide in thy veins shall move heavy and slow,
 And the beats of thine heart long-intervalled go ;
 To passionless torpor thy face shall wane,
 And omnipotent sleep shall thy life unstrain ;—
 By the corpse thou shalt sleep,—by it thou shalt
 wake,

But no glorious rage shall thy nature then shake,
 For low idiot tears will thy broken face slake,

The tears of self-sorrow.

Thou wilt weep ; and when wept all thy greatness
 away,
 Thou shalt start from the corpse, and its grave-
 clothes array,
 And look with no love, but with horror, to its face,
 And say that a cold smell doth steam round its
 place,
 The cold smell of corruption ;—thou'lt long for the
 day
 Of the quick busy world, with its work, and its
 play ;—
 To that day then depart thou ;—feel saved in its
 bloom,
 Hug thyself with the thought,—distant far is thy
 tomb,—
 Lose thyself in the gay crowds whose bright looks
 assume
 All that's most unlike death.

But earth hath no home for thee !—far as thou
 strayest,
 Thy heart shall still sneer at all love that thou sayest,
 At all love that is said ; for thou shalt believe, ever
 Love to be a false friend, even Death's frown can
 sever ;

And thus homeless, and hopeless of home, shalt thou
mourn,

With bitter life-hate, and gnawing self-scorn,
The time when thou thoughtst that love could not
fail so,

The time when such thought from thy damn'd heart
did go,

That time when above thy slain love there did flow,
Thy tears of self-sorrow.

THE SUICIDE.

LIFE is an island; and eternity's sea
That girds it round,
Rolleth for ever, vast and gloomily,
With doubtful sound,
Save when it stormeth up tempestuously,
Lashing the ground.

Voices are mingled with the rolling waters,
Unearthly sweet;
They fascinate the island sons and daughters,
In bands to meet,
And listen, heeding not the wrecks and slaughters,
Rolled to their feet.

Some walk before this sea with restless wings,
Strong to dare
The chilling mist its heavy rolling flings;
With forehead bare,
And flashing brow, resistless genius springs
Undaunted there.

A naked youth came bounding to its shore,
Shouting out loud;
But when he heard the interminable roar,
His spirit bowed
One moment, and the next it strove to soar
Unchecked and proud.

Upon his feet and shoulders wings were waving
Widely and fast;
Over the quiet country he was leaving,
One look he cast
Of contempt beautiful, and godlike craving;
Sweet voices passed,

Out from the sea, towards him richly ringing;
He hails their tone;

To explore the deep, the mighty child is winging ;
 Oh ! not alone ;
Concealed syrens toss there wildest singing,
 While golden spray is thrown.

Rushing back came the youth with drooping plume ;
 His strength was gone ;—
He stands again before the unthridden gloom,
 And still its moan,
Wails to him burning melodies, that consume
 Him there alone.

His frenzied eye read the eternal ocean ;
 His pale lips gave
Echoings to its inscrutable commotion ;
 His speech did rave
Language unknown ; glancing sublime devotion
 He passed beneath the wave.

OPINION'S CHANGE.

The beardless statesman out at monarchy screams,
 "Down trampler by the heel on man's rights, down
 Foe to humanity's universal crown
 Because it overdazzles thy false crown's beams;"—
 Thoughtless of human needs, he ever dreams
 Of human "rights;"—those "rights" being just
 alone

The singular needs peculiarly his own,—
 Such needs as power to test one's own law-schemes :
 But learned to think, he sees that men, in a king,
 Find much they need,—a thing, to which must bow
 Masters, as low as serfs ; a man, whose brow
 Is highest in the state, and yet must spring
 Smiles to their smiles ;—and so he lets enjoy
 Mankind its many kings, as a child its toy.

A C R I S I S.

IF when the day was fine, the summer high,
Encentred in this meadow, one revolved
Inquiring gaze, around it he would see
Fencing it, wooden palings, mossy, and mellowed
To gentle kinds of undecided colour,
By rain and age ; then close behind the fence,
All round it rising high, would stop his sight,
An impassable verdure of commingled trees,
Offering the eye a thousand fathomless nooks
Filled with green dark, but nowhere tunnell'd through
By any passage ; 'midst the dark green mass
Would puzzle him fluttering motionings and sounds,
—As unassignable as an ant-hill's stir,—
Of wild-wood denizens ; while frequently,
Might song-bird, soundlessly from one of its shades
Flit o'er the meadow, and, with closing wings,

Into shade opposite glide ; but from its top
His eye would only lift to a roof of sky.

Within this meadow did no tame thing browse ;
Wild were the hares that cantered through its ferns ;
Wild were the hawks that wheeled 'twixt it and
heaven ;
Its bees were wild bees of some cavernous tree ;
None plucked its flowers ; no menial o'er it trod ;
It had been the battle-field, the unsculptured grave,
Of Christian martyrs ; and its reverent lord
Ordained it sacred.

The evening church-chimes had dispersed the mowers
From all the fields of toil ; the evening sun
Slanted his golden light, as he did lapse
Towards underneath the earth ; his light was rayed
So gorgeously upon this sacred meadow,
Its yellow buttercups, its ruby sorrels,
Its milk-white clover, and its cool green grass,
Seemed blended into one rich coloured woof,
Changing in hue, as waved beneath the breeze ;—
When leaned therewithin, against its fence,
A form white robed, which the whelming sunshine

Showed to be fullest symmetry of woman,
 Swelling through girlhood's prime. Fronting the
 mead

She stood ; against the fence her shoulders rest ;
 Above it gently her head and neck bend back ;
 Her long brown hair behind her straightly fallen,
 Leaves unconcealed her twin-breasted bosom,
 Thus raised against her vest ; her pertinent feet,
 Pressingly side by side, are forwarded
 Into the mead, and planted firmly there ;
 And from her planted feet, to her fallen back head,
 One proud full arch she arches. A large wind
 Came o'er the mead, and flaggingly on her fell,
 Weighing her vestments downwards and-around ;
 Smoother than apples shone her round young knees ;
 Showed beauteously together bridged, her limbs ;
 The frontage of her body broadly orbed ;
 The sunlight whelmed all :—loosely her head,
 Loosely her neck falls backward ; her round chin,
 And its rich blood-red lip, now languidly sink
 Down from the upwardly curved lip above ;
 While round the corners of her idling mouth,
 Slow smiling dimples, when her basking eyes,
 A little uplifting their nigh-closed lids,
 Thrill with voluptuous light,—above her cheeks
 Like fringed crevices to measureless splendour.

Rounds she out thus on firmly planted feet,
 Her enjoying form, and thus her face is naked
 In glowing rapture,—because by her stands,
 Lovingly gazing on her, he whose gaze
 Pours dizzying pleasure over her, to permeate,
 Till her shoulders shiver and shrink with her
 delight.

Feelings, as things, do grow ; and growing, change :
 The love that bended forth this gazer's face,
 Fixing its slightest muscle, and its eyes
 Firing to their very depths, had grown and changed.
 When first he loved, had risen in him one lusting
 Towards her, he had spat into his heart
 Intense self-loathing ; what was then his love,
 Words may not scribe, his memory could not seize,
 Fancy may compass not ; therewith was nought
 Of jealousy, or desire, or doubt, or pain ;
 Nought of self-love, self-consciousness ; it joined
 With marvellous adoration, perfectest rest,
 Instinctive trust, and measureless devotion,
 And measureless sympathy, but it was not these.
 Such in this meadow, by her arched out form,
 Was it not now, for it had grown and changed.
 'Twas love ! but now every atom of his body,

Trembleth for every atom moulding her's ;
 'Twas love ! but now he could strangle her from life,
 Rather than see another bridegroom her ;
 Oh ! yes, 'twas love ! for in life's flintiest highways,
 He would rush to grovel his being's nakedest bosom,
 To gain her smile, or cause her one delight.
 Yea, still he loved her, utterly ; through the world
 Drifting unknown and knowing not ; his mind,
 A mirror multiplying a thousand times
 Her lonely loveliness,—ever there he gazed,
 Still, still she shone ; his will, a trembling rudder,
 She held to play with, or to queen ; his body,
 Their mutual serf, its separated being,
 Never once recognized by any of his thoughts.

Yet, never had he spoken to her the love,
 Making thus his being with its countless powers,
 Her magnificently swift automaton ;
 To measureless action springed by her in a moment,
 To measureless rest subdued. She saw it, loved it,
 Dreamed her world out of it, and yet he feared
 She knew it not, and knowing, would disapprove.
 Now therefore here, into this sacred meadow,
 To try her hath he come ; to daringly burst
 Into the secretest chambers of her soul,

Its unveiled moods to see : the talisman,
 That shall rend away the garments of her being,
 All pitilessly nakeding her, he bears ;
 He approaches her, he trembles, pales his face,
 He would see, yet fears to see. But even now,
 In fond coquetry, or affectionate joy,
 She lifts her head ; against the tree behind,
 She plants its crown ; her feet move slightly back ;
 Up outwardly she boldly lifts her form ;
 Like a ship sail, wind-curved from the mast,
 She roundeth out. Where now is his intent ?
 Thrice his knees bend unconsciously, and thrice
 His hand descends towards her lifted heels,
 Quivering to fill its hollow with their round.
 The struggling eyes of his fire-beflooded face,
 Devour the unshod archings of her feet,
 As he imagineth his caressing mouth
 There trampled ; yet around her arching loins,
 His arm he girds not, but with great control
 Apart he stands. Now suddenly her eyes
 Turned round to his, their startled lids, once fluttering,
 Could not close down, and thus transfixed, she took
 Awhile his rifling glances,—till he moved,
 When swift she snatched her eyes back, turning
 pale.
 Soon they both feigned indifference ; and spake,

Of the meadow sleeping goldenly before,—
 The trees around,—the richly slanting sunlight ;
 But as they spake, relapsed with gradual lapse,
 Her heels to ground, her shoulders to the fence :
 No longer curved she out as a sail wind-filled,
 For her exquisitely supple body revolved in
 Over its ample throne ; and negligently
 Her feet slid out their length into the mead ;
 And to her bosom, with low drooping lids,
 Her face declined ; and down from her propped
 shoulders,
 Her arms fell straightly ; and her straightened limbs,
 Loosened down all her form ; and thus towards
 him,
 She sloped ; in virgin innocence unknowing
 His fiery mood, or even the love thus loosening
 All her own make. He gasped, his mouth did
 strive
 'Neath suffocation ;—for beneath her eyes,
 A dimly flushing sultriness did increase,
 And her lips out-sulk'd such a complaining sulk,
 As though possessed all conqueringly by desire,
 And faintly requiring love's moist balm.
 He stood like one shot through with fixing pain ;
 Recovering his purpose, with a cry,
 He tore the talisman from his breast, and threw it

Towards her feet, and leapt into the wood.
 Watching him swiftly stagger through the trees,
 She reached the talisman; it was a page
 Scribed with his words, and kneeling she did read :
 Her eyes seemed straining down a vast abysm,
 For some winged car to save; her lips apart,
 Her shoulders lifted, and her fingers clenched,—
 Showed how she strove with hope, while read she
 there,

“ Oh! beautiful girl, but one could love thee so!
 When yestermorn sent thee stepping o’er the mead,
 The thought of being adopt thine universe steed,
 Doubled his life;—thine universe steed, to go,
 And against, and through each fiercely phalanxed
 foe,
 Bear thee all glorious; in his heart, bliss-fire,
 That his broad frontage would itself attire,
 With every wound aimed towards thine overthrow :
 And oh! a thousand deaths seemed less than nought,
 Would’st thou but ride him through life’s fiery storm;
 Burthening him fondly, thine affectionate form,
 Whenever might peace be found, or melody caught;
 When danger neared, relinquishing proud all rein;
 When past, all fondly burthening him again.

But his will reins his heart ; and thereby, reined
 That heart is from the slightest start to love
 Thee, who perchance its love might disapprove ;
 For every love-plaint uninvitedly plained,
 Fouls ; yea, woman's purity is arraigned,
 When man thrusts towards her love display, love
 claim,

She prompts not, cherishes not : what woman's
 shame ?

But witnessing love she loves not, uncurtained :—
 Then beautiful girl ! though one could love thee so ;
 His passions in tumultuous armies, waiting
 Worshippingly to convoy thee down time ;
 He wills not love ; exultingly shall go
 His passions past thee, loudly jubilating
 Towards life's fit ways, so crowdedly sublime.”

The going radiance of the sinking sun
 Was from the crimson sorrel yet undrawn,
 When back returned this chieftain of his passions,
 King of his heart : as loitering, he came ;
 Striving to twist his face into the forms
 Of cold keen observation, such as make
 With angular lines, the countenances of those
 Who scan phenomena. She still did kneel,

Her face bewildered white, and hued with pain.
 One look she looked to him,—its prompting feelings,

Women perchance may know ; reproach was there,
 Sadness was there,—yea, in its large fixed eyes,
 A questioning sadness that could make one's throat
 Convulse with pity ; yet through all did rule
 The deepest tenderness;—

“ A lie ! a lie !

It was all lie !” he cried ; and at her feet,
 His face abased ; “ your foot was on my neck ;
 Had you withdrawn from me your trusting eyes,
 Opening their avenues to some other gazer ;—
 Oh God ! the imagining of the horror, makes
 The flesh to slide from my detested frame.—
 I am calm ; my mind lifts up above my life,
 I see it sovereignly ; this life of mine,
 As it did tide beneath you, I will bare ;
 Look you, and see how gloriously I lied.
 I think,—but that through which I have been passed,
 Hath shaken the memory of earlier things ;—
 I think, that ere we met, life was to me,
 As to most men, a whirl of beauteous mirage,
 I still in vain pursued ; or sadly stood,
 Mocking its hollowness ; the ponderous curse
 Of unpursuit, weighing deadeningly in my brain.

I know that when we met, did all things change :
 I nought pursued, yet passiveness was pleasure,
 Being was bliss ; from all the outward things,
 That make the total which mankind call life,
 I was abstract ; or only then related,
 When they did influence as subservient bonds
 To bind us twain ;—the sunshine, I did know,
 Because that when its warmth relaxed my limbs,
 I saw your arms fall also ; and the sea,
 I knew, because that when it awed my soul,
 I saw your countenance gaze mysterious fear.
 I had content ; my blood did pleasantly flow ;
 Breathing was rest :—yet action that you urged,
 From the moment when my being prepared to act,
 Till the moment that accomplished your will,
 Was a delirious ecstasy ;—the greater,
 The greater the action that you did command.
 And if 'twas bliss to be by you, and bliss
 To act your will,—oh ! what, the crushing torture !
 To see another man look o'er your brow,
 As he were fancying how divine his life,
 Were it thus swayed by yours ; to see another
 Acquire your will, and with a happy smile,
 Move for its service. Other things now are come,
 I know not whether to endure or curse.
 Desire of you doth change my blood ; it burns ;

My veins start stiff, they tighten through my body,
 They strangle me. Oh girl ! what destiny is there,
 That I am stricken thus ! I gaze against you ;
 My baffled eyes see nought but murderous beauty ;
 Your sound is beauty ; beauty are your robes ;
 I dare not see your form beneath them move ;
 And yet I see, and tremble, and die down.
 " Oh why is this ?" he moaned through sobs, and rolled
 His body o'er the ground, " where is the peace,
 The aforetime peace with which I blessingly loved
 you,
 The rapture men call pure."

Two lips did press upon his fiery brow ;
 They pressed, they stayed, they lingeringly withdrew ;
 He felt whole ages rolling o'er his life ;
 Obliteratingly, ages rolled away,
 While those two lips his brow did apprehend
 Gently to press themselves apart, and then,
 Gently to close again ; no word she said ;
 Not otherwise she touched him ; he did never
 Rise up his face to look ; but blindly wound
 His arms around her sides, and to her bosom,
 Moved his still downcast head, till there it dropt
 In signless passiveness.

Anon they rose,

Both pale as alabaster : summoning,
 With a heavy sigh, and compressure of her lips,
 The needful force ;—her hand enclasp'd his arm,
 Holding him opposite her, and with voice,
 That came by syllables, distinct, she said,—
 “ I know not what men mean when name they love ;
 I have not dreamed of life from you apart ;
 Since many months, I have not thought to hide
 Aught that I feel, from you ; it gave me joy,
 When we have sympathized ; I never saw
 Aught in you that offended me ; I would
 Dare aught to make you happy or more good.”

Thus all is over ; her concluding words,
 Were smothered in his bosom ; for his arms
 Had bound her to him, and her head had fallen there.
 The storm of feeling sank in both their beings,
 To the joy of rest ; upon the bank they sate ;
 Over her shoulder lay his sinking face ;
 Over his shoulder hers ; no words they spake,
 No fast enlacements made they ; very softly,
 And very timidly, close in her ear,
 At last he whispered “ This is as I felt,
 Those days I did lament, when peace was mine,

And love that men call pure ;" then gradually
 Their faces they did lift ; and open-eyed,
 They looked unto each other, a look all free
 From every questioning, or want, or aught
 But love unutterable :—a look that never,
 Never, never, may either look again ; for night
 Brought with its darkness, when the maiden's face
 Was dusked over, to the young man's blood,
 His wild desire ; and they went not thence
 Till there had passed that sacrifice thereto,
 After which never again may exist the feelings
 That holiest look did utter, and which makes
 The life thus spoiled, one long, long funeral,
 With never a single mourner ;—'twas a look
 Painter hath never limned, nor poet sung,
 Nor dreamer visioned ; and could poet sound
 Words, that should give the minds of those who heard,
 Knowledge of its prompting feelings, he would fling
 Art to the winds, thought, life, and heaven, forget,—
 And though the uttering the words should shatter
 Him to annihilation, he would speak,
 And shatter himself into eternal fame.

THE RAILROAD.

WHY! why to yon arch do the people drift;
Like a sea hurrying in to a cavern's rift;
Or like streams to a whirlpool streaming swift?

'Tis the railroad!

Each street and each causeway endeth there;
And the whole of their peoples may step one stair
Down from the arch, and a power shall bear
Them swifter than wind from the mighty lair;

'Tis the railroad!

Pass through the arch; put your ear to the ground!
This road sweepeth on through the isle, and around!
You touch that which touches the country's bound!

'Tis the railroad!

Like arrowy lightning snatched from the sky,
And bound to the earth, the bright rails lie;

And their way is straight driven through mountains
high,
And headland to headland o'er vallies they tie ;
'Tis the railroad !

See how the engine hums still on the rails ;
While his long train of cars slowly down to him
sails ;
He staggers like a brain blooded high, and he wails ;
'Tis the railroad !
His irons take the cars, and screaming he goes ;
Now may heaven warn before him all friends and
all foes ;
A whole city's missives within him repose ;
Half a thousand miles his, ere the day's hours close ;
'Tis the railroad !

A PRAYER TO A FICKLE MISTRESS.

FROM the depth of my gloom, to your beauty I come ;
But my gaze may not brighten, as erst, at its glow :
Nor kneel may I to you all gloriously low,
Nor feel your dear hand o'er my brow softly go ;
I know that you would that even now I sank dumb ;
Lelia ! once say you are sad for me.

You would shrink, but to me, when mine eyes love
did fight ;
When this arm clasp'd you round, 'midst your ravishing hair,
On this bosom lolled your head, while unhidingly
there,
Your face turned to mine with such restful repair ;

God! then how I dived in your eyes' surging light!

Lelia! once say you are sad for me.

Never God sent the night, but I saw on my couch,
Your cheek's beautiful sleep, that I guarded supreme;
Alone would I gaze, till your soft lips would seem
There stirr'd by the mild light that round them did
gleam;—

Behind that chamber's madness horror-stricken I
crouch!

Lelia! once say you are sad for me.

None could pity, I am hopeless! I loved you to
shame;

Mine honour had been gone for one promising smile;
When your soft hair fell cool o'er my burning face,
while

My brain swooned with delight 'neath its curls;—
any guile

To be bless'd with thy bidding, had become my wild
aim;

Lelia! once say you are sad for me.

Your lover is coming ; I hear his wild vow !
For ever we are parting ; oh ! in mercy, refrain
From that acted surprise ; I nor plead, nor complain ;
Oh ! yet say, when we loved, that thou didst not all
feign,
And I'll bless thee, and pray for thee as to thee now ;
Lelia ! once say you are sad for me.

A PAGAN'S DRINKING CHAUNT.

Like the bright white arm of a young god, thrown
To the hem of a struggling maiden's gown ;
The torrent leaps on the kegs of stone,
That held this wine in the dark gulf down ;
Deep five fathoms it lay in the cold ;
The afternoon summer heats heavily weigh ;
This wine is awaiting in flagons of gold,
On the side of the hill that looks over the bay.

There, a bower of vines for each one bends,
Under the terracing cedar trees ;
Where, shut from the presence of foes or friends,
He may quaff and couch in lonely ease ;
The sunshine slants past the dark green cave ;
In the sunshine, the galleys before him will drowse ;

And the roar of the town, like a far-travelled wave,
Will faintly flow in to his calm carouse.

No restless womanhood frets the bower,
Exactng, and fawning, and vain, and shy ;
But a beautiful boy shall attend the hour,
And silently low in the entrance lie ;
As he silently reads the scrolls that tell,
The Cyprian's loves, and the maiden's dreams,
His limbs will twine, and his lips will swell,
And his eyes dilate with amorous schemes.

And his yearning limbs, and his sultry mouth,
Will recall to the drinker his own youth's prime ;
When there seemed crowding round him from east,
west, and south,
Countless sleek limbs of women with capturing
mime ;
And he'll mourn for youth ; and he'll deem more dear
This cool bright wine ;—to our bowers, away !
And nothing will witness the sigh, or the tear,
On the side of the hill that looks over the bay.

A CHRISTIAN'S DRINKING CHAUNT.

Oh ! the world is a place where the happiest of things
Is to blind one's eyes to the cruel guile,
That lurks with a thousand ready stings
Often under the beautiful smile;
And the finest of magics to dim the sight,
Is the wine, the wine, the wine we pour !
Then drink ! and dream that the world goes right;
Oh drink ! and dream that we'll doubt no more.

They tell us the silliest of things is to trust,
If it be not yet sillier, distrust to show ;
We give to them back, that trust we must,
For it is the most beautiful pleasure we know ;
Let them nickname it folly, and sober, depart ;—
The wine, the wine, the wine we pour !

That glorious young folly shall rouse in each heart,
To make ancient music, and fling wide the door.

The wine cups are foaming, our brows shine delight;
The world raves behind us; arise we, arise!
Drink deep our contempt for each low-hearted wight,
Who prefers sober sneers to our love-bedimmed eyes!
Again, fill again, all together, drink again,
To this wine, this wine, this wine we pour!
It rolls to our lips, and it woos us to drain;
And we kiss as we drink, and each kiss yearns for
more.

The sober ones say, when this wine-dream has passed,
We shall each doubt the other, be deceived, and
deceive;
Is it so!—then exhaust we our joys while they last,
And wring from the hour what weeks can't retrieve:
Sober life comes amain with its cares and gloom;
But the wine, the wine, the wine we pour!
Now is ours! and defying the worst that can come,
Over time and fate conquering, drink, drink to the
core!

DISMOUNTING A MISTRESS.

I TOUCHED her lily hand!

Earth! bound away!—

I' the stirrup did she stand;

Her glorious foot I spann'd,

As she stepped to the land!—

Where is the day!

Where go ye, brother-men!

Nought the same did stay!—

I went; I turned agen;

She kissed down the glen,

Her fingers to me then!—

Earth! bound away!

R A I N .

More than the wind, more than the snow,
More than the sunshine, I love rain ;
Whether it droppeth soft and low,
Whether it rusheth amain.

Dark as the night, it spreadeth its wings,
Slow and silently up on the hills ;
Then sweeps o'er the vale, like a steed that springs
From the grasp of a thousand wills.

Swift sweeps under heaven the raven cloud's flight ;
And the land, and the lakes, and the main,
Lie belted beneath with steel-bright light,
The light of the swift rushing rain.

On evenings of summer, when sunlight is low,
Soft the rain falls from opal-hued skies;
And the flowers the most delicate summer can show,
Are not stirred by its gentle surprize.

It falls on the pools, and no wrinkling it makes,
But touching, melts in, like the smile
That sinks in the face of a dreamer, but breaks
Not the calm of his dream's happy wile.

The grass rises up as it falls on the meads;
The bird softlier sings in his bower;
And the circles of gnats circle on like winged seeds,
Through the soft sunny lines of the shower.

THE FACE.

THESE dreary hours of hopeless gloom,
Are all of life I fain would know;
I would but feel my life consume,
While bring they back mine ancient woe;
For midst the clouds of grief and shame
They crowd around, one face I see;
It is the face I dare not name;
The face none ever name to me.

I saw it first, when in the dance
Borne, like a falcon, down the hall,
He stayed to cure some rude mischance
My girlish deeds had caused to fall;
He smiled, he danced with me, he made
A thousand ways to soothe my pain;

And sleeplessly all night I prayed
That I might see that smile again.

I saw it next, a thousand times ;
And every time its kind smile neared ;
Oh ! twice ten thousand glorious chimes
My heart rang out, when he appeared ;
What was I then, that others' thought
Could alter so my thought of him !
That I could be by others taught
His image from my heart to dim !

I saw it last, when black, and white,
Shadows went struggling o'er it wild ;
When he regained my long lost sight,
And I with cold obeisance smiled ;—
I did not see it fade from life ;
My letters o'er his heart they found ;
They told me in death's last hard strife,
His dying hands around them wound.

Although my scorn that face did maim,
Even when its love would not depart ;

Although my laughter smote its shame,
And drave it swording through his heart;
Although its death-gloom grasps my brain
With crushing unrefused despair;—
That I may dream that face again,
God still must find alone my prayer.

WHIMPER OF AWAKENING PASSION.

YOUR hands were a tent for mine eyes,
As low in your lap I was lain ;
And I thought as I gazed at my skies,
I will never know other again.

You sang, and your voice through me waved
Such rapture, I heard myself say,
“ Oh here is the heaven I have craved,
Never hence will I wander astray.”

As I lay in your lap, your limbs gave
Such beautiful smooth rest to me,
I told you that thus to be slave,
I would never consent to be free.

But now mine eyes under their tent,
Think such distance from yours, love ! is wrong ;
And my mouth wants your mouth to be sent
Down to him, all undrest, love ! of song.

Oh, I fear, if your beautiful limbs
Still to have me their slave, feel inclined ;
You must either prevent all these whims,
Or a way, love ! to humour them, find.

A L A D Y ' S H A N D .

It is the same bright fairy dress
That robes thy beauteous form ;
And with the same unstartled grace
Thou gazest o'er the storm ;
The same mysterious hour,
Now girdles round us twain ;
Lay then, in this same bower,
Thy hand on me again.

Thy hand on me, again, lady !
All man's world sleepeth still ;
And God hath given the rein, lady !
To his world's passionate will ;—
See how the lightnings leap, lady !

Over the rocks, and the main ;
Oh ! lay, while all men sleep, lady !
Thy hand on me again.

The storm around us rife,
Befits the storm that then
Will rise amidst my life,
With the same wild joy as when,
At this same midnight hour,
When thus raged heaven and main,
In this same secret bower,
Thy hand did not refrain.

On me again that hand ! lady !
Nearer the thunder peals ;
The chains on my heart disband, lady !
Now, now while nature reels,
While sleeps all life like the grave, lady !
But ours, and the hurricane,—
While now thou mayst yet save, lady !
Thy hand on me again !

THE POET'S DEATH.

Now the Poet's death was certain, and the leech had
left the room ;
Only those who fondly loved him, waited to receive
the doom ;
And the sister he loved best, whiter than hemlock
did veer ;
And she bent, and "life is going" faintly whis-
pered in his ear.

Though her fingers clasped his fingers, though her
cheek by his did lay ;
Though she whispered "I am dying ; with thee,
death hath no dismay ;"
Fiercely sprang the startled Poet, and his eye did
fight through space ;
While dark agony did thicken his drawn lips, and
wrench his face.

Sister arms did wind around him, knelt his sire beside
 the bed ;
 And his mother busied round him, love extinguish-
 ing her dread ;
 But the Poet heeded nothing, fixing still his fighting
 eye,
 Gathering, gathering, gathering inward, that he
 was that hour to die.

Now the sound of smothered sobbings smote upon
 his distant mind,
 And he turned a glance around him, that each
 gazer's love divined ;
 The torture in his face did stagger once before his
 mother's look ;
 Then came back more whiteningly, while his neck
 did downward crook.

From his crook'd down neck, his visage struggled
 love back through its pain,
 First to one, and then to another, and then left
 them all again ;
 As the sister wept against him, shudderingly to her
 he turned ;

And his lips did open at her, and his eyes for
language yearned.

Quick at her his lips did open, strivingly his eyelids
rose,
But no sound, no word, no murmur, their fast ges-
turings did disclose;
Straightly pointed he his arm then, where his poet-
desk was lain;
To his grasp the sister brought it, while the still-
ness throbbed amain.

From his desk the Poet tore the unformed scriptures
of his soul;
And to them he fiercely pointed, while his eyes
large tears did roll;
" Perfected, my memory earth to endless time would
love and bless;
I must die, and these will live not!" through his
lips at last did press.

Whiter grew the gazing faces, as the cliffs that sun-
shine smites,

When they found no aid could come from earthly
 loves, or priestly rites ;
 O'er his scriptures he fell forward, and they all did
 trust and say,
 That the last wild pang was on him, for as still as
 stone he lay.

But than lightning's flash more sudden, he did spurn
 the abhorred bed ;
 And a moment he stood tottering, tossed defyingly
 his head ;
 Ere one reached him, he was fallen, lifeless, and his
 wide dulled eye
 Rigid with the fierce defiance that had just refused
 to die.

To the gloomy troop of Atheists, gibberingly the
 sister ran ;
 While the praying father kneeling, hurled at her
 his pious ban ;
 In the churchyard lies the Poet, and his scent the
 air depraves ;
 And ten thousand thousand like him, stuff the earth
 with such like graves.

A COMING CRY.

THE few to whom popes' kings have given the earth
God gives to all,
Do tell us that for them alone its fruits increase and
fall;
They tell us, that by labour, we may earn our daily
bread;
But they take the labour for their engines that work
on unfed;
And so we starve; and now the few have published
a decree,—
Starve on, or eat in workhouses, the crumbs of charity;
Perhaps it's better than starvation,—once we'll pray,
and then,
We'll all go building workhouses, million, million
men!

We 'll all go building workhouses,—million, million
 hands,
 So jointed wondrously by God, to work love's wise
 commands;
 We 'll all go building workhouses,—million, million
 minds,
 By great God chartered to condemn whatever harms
 or binds;
 The God-given mind shall image, the God-given hand
 shall build
 The prisons for God's children by the earth-lords
 willed;
 Perhaps it 's better than starvation, once we 'll pray,
 and then,
 We 'll all go building workhouses,—million, million
 men.

What 'll we do with the workhouses? million, million
 men!
 Shall we all lie down, and madden, each in his lonely
 den?
 What! we whose sires made Cressy! we, men of
 Nelson's mould!
 We, of the Russel's country,—God's Englishmen the
 bold!

Will we, at earth's lords' bidding, build ourselves
dishonoured graves?

Will we who've made this England, endure to be its
slaves?

Thrones totter before the answer!—once we'll pray,
and then,

We'll all go building workhouses,—million, million
men.

A PLEA FOR LOVE OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

It were to live not ! Lady ! cease thy pleading,
 “ Love not, love not,” — words indeed “ vainly
 spoken ;”

The heart will love, even when torn and bleeding,
 Yea, love that very one by whom 'tis broken :
 Oh love then ! love !

Love ! love ! though it be true the loved may change !
 For thine agony in his alien caressing
 Will sink to a sad calm, and cannot estrange
 Thy power to love him still with measureless
 blessing :

Oh love then ! love !

Yea, even then loving, when pales with fear his
brow,

At his own inconstancy,—thou shalt awaken
To a wild sweet bliss in striving more to endow
With beauty and truth the one for whom thou wert
forsaken :

Oh love then ! love !

Love ! love ! albeit the loved may die,—yet love !
Canst not thou die ! the loving grave-descender
Burns with a rapturous joy that never may move
The unloving wanderer down whole lives of splendour :

Oh love then ! love !

Though one brief love-hour may order years of
sorrow,

Love ! love ! for that one hour will make thee know,
How, long as earth rolls round from morn tomorrow,
Will its myriad peoples pant with love's wild glow :

Oh love then ! love !

Yea ! for this knowledge even from oblivion's tomb

Banishes disgust; who, who disdains to end,
Knowing the love-bliss, that while life shall bloom,
Over his grave shall deepeningly expend.

Oh love then ! love !

PLEA FOR LOVE OF THE UNIVERSAL.

NAY, minstrel! love! and all things round thee
 moving,
 Shall utter heavenly music, smile thee light;
 For mighty is the loveliness of loving,
 To endure the loved with joy; and joy makes bright;
 Oh love then! love!

Love magnifies existence; love the world,—
 Thy soul shall grow world-great in its sensation;
 And 'neath the blaze of infinite life unfurled,
 Pant with the passion of a whole creation.
 Oh love then! love!

For thine own heart's sake, love! the unloving
 mind,
 Unemanating light, no light receiveth;

Tomb of itself, unable rest to find,
 Buried alive, it low and wildly grieveth.
 Oh love then ! love !

Why sayest thou " Love not, for the loved may die!"
 Reasoning inadequate!—because trees wither,
 Do suns cease shining! though one loved thing fly,
 Sends it not others love desiring hither !
 Oh love then ! love !

And thy warning " Love not, for the loved may
 change,"
 Discrediteth love, that never a fee requires ;
 Happy in loving, though all, all be strange,
 Its flame still burns, itself feeds still its fires :
 Oh love then ! love !

Love is that act, which maketh rich in giving ;
 Passion of soul which wasteth not, nor paineth ;
 Battled for, prayed for, wept for, by all living ;
 Dwelling most in him, who most of happiness
 gaineth :
 Oh love then ! love !

WAYS OF REGARD.

SHARKS' jaws are glittering through the eternal ocean
 Now, even as ever; through its topmost seas
 That mightily billow, through the secrecy
 Of its abysms, where the waters bide
 Omnipotently shuddering,—scattering fear,
 Onward they go; their illuminating teeth,
 Perpetually parting; and ever through
 Some dolphin's body, nervously they clench.
 Hidden within the tropic forest's maze,
 Now, even as ever, glares the tiger's eye
 Over its victim, yellow circling light:
 And there, the serpent, with his gaze, still charms
 To approach, and into his distended jaws
 Shiveringly hie, the gaudy chattering parrot,
 Or gambolling coney: and shaggy spiders there,
 Catch in their webs the flitting humming birds:

And through the golden air, the humming birds flitting,
Slay countless happy insects.

Slaughter sways

Supremely everywhere : where man comes not,
Beasts kill each other ; where his empire holds,
There, oh ye gods ! on richer aliment,
Feeds slaughter, and extends. There, armies clash ;
And in the shock, ten thousand human forms,
Each with all exquisite joints, and countless nerves,
Fall bloodily broken. There, the priest-piled faggots,
Flame round the martyr, and send up to heaven
The smoke of torment. There, the blood-stained hands
Of gold-holders sell sustenance to the goldless,
At price of body, at price of mind and heart.
There, the goldless pay this price ; and breed successors ;
A generation of things that never live,
But toil, and suffer, and shriek,—undead abortions,
That yet are human children ! And self-slain,
Often humanity. Man's towns and cities,
Seem builded on rivers, that the rushing waters
May roll for him the ever ready tomb,
He oft assumes ; and self-slain, ever go down
Fond women, who the cup of life still spill,
Offering it tremblingly to some gallant's lips.

Dire is the woe, when first the vision of slaughter
 Thus everywhere regnant, breaks into the mind
 Youthful and loving, and emerging from the home
 Where all it knew, was, that all round it smiled;
 And whence ever went its fancies, towards some fate
 That should one day lead it through the maze of life,
 To seek and share love everywhere. At first,
 Stunned like a wader out into the sea,
 Who thinking he steps upon the sand, finds only
 Water yield under him,—the appalled youth,
 Withouten speech or thought, instinctively,
 Reaches out aimlessly and in vain for aid.
 Then the howl of the world arouses him; he rises,—
 Through heavens and hells, eternities and times,
 Wildly he stares;—seeking the power that bids
 This terrible reign. Baffled, his gaze retreats;
 He strips his being of all control and veil,
 With which men gird themselves; and he thinks his
 teeth
 Could grasp Earth's wretched breast, and that he
 could leap
 With her to oblivion. And while thus he dreams,
 Steals sensual pleasure to him. The nakedness,
 To which in his noble rage he smote his being,
 But exposes him to her dalliance; and he turns,
 From thought, that bids him hurl against the unknown,

His life, that itself dishonours, in enduring
 Sight of the blood-stained universe,—to the arms
 Of sensual pleasure, and exhausted there,
 Finds ignominious sleep :—
 If sleep that be, whereunto ever descend
 The visions of possible and gentle glory,
 That circled brightly round his youth, and that now
 Invite him, from his impotent degradation,
 To soar unto their joy ;—if sleep that be,
 From which the sleeper must ever rise, and slay,
 With a murder worse than parricide, these entreaters ;—
 Or awake, to find his moral powers gone idiot,
 And his intellect sane to watch them.

But many there are who know the scheme of life,
 A plan for battle and murder, yet undergo
 Nor fear, nor rage. With energy, they strain
 Life's murderous principle to their use to curb.
 Earth, bleeding, drags her chain ; but a car thereto
 These ones do fasten ; and therein they sit,
 In *their* happiness, and *their* pride, all sumptuously.
 Also are those, whose minds will never take
 A world-wide vision ; and who mete life's merits,
 By their own present circumstance. When shines,
 Full on their skins, the sun,—this life they call

A beautiful home ; and when they suffer one
 Of the world's evils,—maundering for death,
 The self-same life they cry a torture-house.
 These pester, with charge of morbidness and disease,
 Those of their brethren, in whose world-wide hearts,
 Earth's misery ever sticks, a poisoning knife.
 And beings unhuman are there, who regard
 This universal slaughter, never as man.

The general mind knows only things that impinge
 Its palpable senses ;—otherwise, haughty steps,
 Of men who tread with appropriating feet
 Earth and its causeways ; and of beauteous women,
 Who walk our pavements, and our terraces,
 And our swung bridges, as though hoveringly
 Their scornful feet the fitness questioned
 Of every spot they press,—would drop to the shuffle
 Of slaves and tools. Yea ! had man the vision
 That sees all being, he would scramble on,
 Athwart his fields, and his hills, and through all his
 streets,
 With the abased hurry of one, who moves
 A petty unit in a round of motion,
 By other intelligences curiously scanned,
 And for their study begotten. Yea ! would he

Pause in his being, and question whether to end.
 He would check the lion-like passions, which him
 prompt
 To complete the sovereignty of slaughter; and ask
 Whether, like wild beasts for the Roman's sport,
 His groups should tear themselves, that unhuman
 powers
 May study the unity which through creation
 Most orderly dwells.

 One saw,—commanding time,
 And extinguishing space, and past the farthest reach
 Of the five senses reaching,—he beheld,
 Within this earth, when night was dark, a cavern,
 Peopled with slaves contemplating revolt.
 Under the light of many a lurid fire
 That burned on upper ledges of the rock,
 The countless slaves stood noiselessly; the light
 Fell on the mass, as eagerly it upheld
 Its faces to the chief, who on a ledge
 Above them stood. In tumult, lifted it
 Its withered countenances, skinny jaws,
 Wild eyes, and knotted brows, and bloodless lips.
 One after the other rose the faces, till
 They settled there, one pale dark stare of pain.

Passing the crowded slaves, towards the chief,
 There rushed a woman ; with the gasping utterance
 Of fear, she shrieked unto the chief, " Your daughter !
 Your daughter has been ravished ! In the grove,
 She rushed by where I stood, and after her
 The lord, your master. Furiously obscene
 Were his wild oaths. I followed him ; I saw
 Him snatch her from the precipice she had climbed ;
 He took her in his arms ; he laid him down
 Beside her senseless form ; I knelt to him ;
 And by his mother's fame, his sister's honour,
 By his own manhood, by her helplessness,—
 Prayed him for pity on her chastity.
 He spat in her face, and laughed ; I snatched his
 knife,
 And should have slain him ; but he wrested it,
 Pinioned my arms, and to the nearest tree
 Bound me. Her screaming shuddered on my cheek :
 The wind swept, but it waved no death-sword !
 The stars shone, but afar, and placidly !
 Clouds hurried through the air, but no avenger
 Burst from their gloom ! the hill, the poisoned hill,
 Stirred not ! I heard his oaths, his laughs, his blows,
 Sound out in the clear night. I could not stir ;
 My impotence was crime ; one terrible shriek
 Struck my heart void. Oh ! nothing more I know."

The mechanism of the chieftain's frame
 Shook for a moment, while this tale began;
 Then evidenced not emotion, save by palor,
 That through his frame did deepen,—the same palor
 As that within the murdered victim's face,
 At the last blow of many. When the silence
 Throbb'd through the cavern, he arose, and cried,
 " Why tell you, that your sister, and my child,
 Struck from the pedestal of maidenhood
 To the cold ditch of harlotry, outerieth
 Her pain, her terror; that the coming hours
 Still bring the fiend who dashed her; that unhindered
 He aye repeats his brutal ravishment!
 That presently, tired of his victim, he,
 From utter hatred of her chaster nature,
 Will thrust her o'er to indiscriminate rape!
 Make her sweet form the sink of filthiness!
 Yea, for the merriment of his gazing comrades,
 Force her to crimes unnatural, too monstrous
 For words to image! I insult the maiden,
 Proclaiming thus her wrongs, for you abet them!
 She shrieks to us for aid; your lying eyes
 Smile to her ravisher!—Do thou, God! hear me!
 Hear, God! Not even my child herself supposeth
 The blackness low impending o'er her life.
 She will not keep her virtues; she must change;

The filth perpetually assailing her,
 Must alter her! 'Tis not in human nature,
 Endless repulsion. O that she could know;
 For then her life would shudder out at once;—
 Know that the very horrors she now hates,
 She shall lust after;—that her soul shall suit
 Its nature to its circumstance, until
 Its wings shall rotten off, its plumage drop,—
 Till it become a naked leprous remnant
 To whom death dares not open paradise.
 Hear, God! this daughter of thine own, shall start,
 And fight against herself, and doubt her being;
 She shall begin to fear that she may change;
 She shall think that she may change; her thought
 will grow
 Into belief;—then ever, ever, ever,
 The spectre of her future self shall haunt her;
 She dares not hate it, yet she must, she does;
 Like to a serpent-fascinated bird,
 She loathes yet runs to it.
 Oh! worse than every other agony,
 Thou keenest consciousness of vilest crime,
 — This struggling amidst darkness of the soul;
 — This giving o'er the struggle, when all palsied,
 She first perceives that irredeemably,
 She is changing to the foulness she abhors:

Her wild doom, like a vast upstanding sea,
Unnatural, overhangs!

Slaves! Brothers! are we
Already thus cursed! Damned are we to endurance,
To acquiescence, to contentment! Oh! not so!
The habit of obedience hath not slain ye!
Arise! shake out the fetters from your souls,
And they will leave your limbs! All is not lost.
Hear me, Oh hear me! We no more are slaves;—
Have we not hearts like men; do we not feel
The voice of kindness;—contemplate with pleasure,
The joys of life; are not our senses human;
Own we no love; can we not love return.
Oh! being men, they who would hold you slaves,
Do murder you alive! They blind your minds
With writhing toil, and say you have no sight;
They break you from the majesty of man,
Into gaunt monsters, crooked miseries,
And call you brute-like,—trample down your hearts,
And say you have none,—banish from your souls
The light of knowledge, and proclaim you soulless,—
Rend you from God, saying you are not men :—
But that we are, witness this hungering dagger,
Which through his troops of hireling cut-throats,

And through his massive towers, and through his
silks

Shall reach my daughter's ravisher's heart, and stab
Right through its damned core, there thundering,
The *man*, your slave! Aha! have you no daughters?
Where are your wives? your sweethearts? Spitten
upon!

Beaten in the face while ravished! Ha! you start!
Prove, prove that you are men! Revenge! Re-
venge!—

They bade us feed on grass—we will grow drunk
With their red blood; they trample us as snakes—
We will rise dragon-like, and with our fetters
Act inconceivably!—Revenge! Revenge!
Not that they violate our wives for sport,
And laugh at our unnatural endurance,—
Not that they tear our children from their mothers,
Crippling their limbs, extinguishing their minds
With endless toil,—the only things that love us,—
Not that our food is garbage; that our babes
Droop at the milkless teat;—not that they dare,
Oh shameless beasts! unnaturally deprive
Our youth of manhood,—
But because that they have so damned us
That we've endured these shames! Oh for *this*
murder,

This poisoning, this pollution, this dead life,
 What, what revenge! They lash us into smiles!
 God! we will rush through blood up to our arm-
 pits!"—

He ceased, overcome with passion; his clenched
 hands

Signing the fury that had choked his voice,
 And rolled his eyeballs backward. In the cave
 Each auditor foams fiercely with his mouth;
 Motionless where he stood, and listened, and shook.
 With horrible imprecations at their lords,
 With wordless yells, they rage around the cave
 Like maddened tigers; tearing each others flesh
 And pledging murder with the outspurting gore.
 Amidst the uproar gasps the chief; his hair
 Cresting; his hands clutched up in vacancy;
 And an inward light burns lurid in his face,
 Like the reflection of a burning kingdom;
 And backward from his gnashing teeth, are drawn
 And fixed, his lips.

One saw, commanding time
 And extinguishing space, and past the farthest reach
 Of the five senses reaching,—he beheld
 Glide from this cavern, while thus the chieftain ceased,

A young man, and a maiden. To that caste,
 Whereat the chief did rage, did both belong,
 By birth and circumstance; yet the young man,
 By sympathy for the oppressed, to the slaves
 Felt himself bound. And she, the maiden with him,
 Loved him; and therefore thought his feelings
 noblest,
 And therefore shared them. On his shoulder leans
 she
 One hand; and opposite to him she stands.
 Her pity-parted lips, and glistening eyes,
 Answer the chief's harangue, and anxiously ask
 Her lover's interference. Yet she waits,
 All confident that he will end this shame;
 That now he will tell her how. Yea! never,
 Shall Christian, opening out his household bible
 When hours of anguish crowd round threateningly—
 Never shall soldier, while around his sword's hilt
 Putting a quiet hand, when tramp of foemen
 Catches his ear—shall pole-star seeing sailor—
 God, self-contemplating—feel confidence,
 More perfectly assured than that which beamed
 Light through this maiden's quivering tears, when
 lines
 Of high resolve, made architectural,
 The face of her love; of him, her sword, her bible,

Her guiding star, her God omnipotent;—
 For woman, in the idolatry of her love,
 Believeth him in whom her soul reposes,
 Ever as divine in power as in will.
 And then the young man answers;—partly himself,
 And partly her, and partly unpresent things,
 Addressing passionate:—"And what were I,
 But a superior, a more criminal slave,
 Should I retreat to my abodes and pleasures,
 Leaving these wretched ones uncounselled thus!
 Give a man all his rights, and these alone,—
 He's a high animal, a noble brute!
 Crown him with duty, and you make him man;
 King of himself, and equal citizen
 Of all earth's populaces. Glorious duty!
 Give me thy crown, and though its weight be death,—
 Dying, I'll crown myself. Yea, plundered slave!
 Yet shalt thou know what glorious exultation,
 The consciousness of liberty; a joy
 Vast as the courser's, when in lonely freedom,
 He rushes wave-like o'er the gusty hill-top,
 Kicking his heels into the rivalling wind.
 And thou shalt know too, what divine repose
 Accomplished duty yields. Thou hast no self:
 Oh monstrous contradiction!—thou, possessing
 A curst identity, yet having no power

To self-determinate,—a tortured tool
 For others' usage, which, when overworn
 Is flung aside to rot. You might have homes,
 And gambolling children, and affectionate wives;
 You might be loving, wise; for you are men!
 Man is eternal; tyrants, and slavery,
 Are but the tricks of time. Within the senate,
 I'll taunt our nobles, till they drag their crowns
 Down on their brows to hide the blush of shame.
 If I move not the king to piteous thought,
 His lip shall whiten. All their boasted order,
 Their laws unbroken, all the deep submission
 Of their whipped slaves,—is terrible disorder;
 Disorder of the universe, and of the heart.
 They shall know anarchy is abroad; more dread,
 That her wild step is noiseless, that her form
 Is undistinguishable, save at times,
 By the red fires that in the yards of law
 Curl round rebellious serfs; while then, her bearing,
 Hath not the noble fierceness of a storm god,
 But with assassin calmness, her cold smile
 Measures a secret dagger. They outcry,
 "The nation flourishes, its power is vast,"
 "Its wealth supreme." Oh, idiot knaves and liars!
 Say, is a flag a nation? is an army?
 Do half a million traders make a nation?

A thousand lords? The people is the nation;
 If they be slaves, if they be suffering,
 The power, the majesty, the wealth you boast,
 Is tinsel hiding the rottenness you ordain!
 And much they prate of station. Much they say
 Touching God-ordered ranks. Me they accuse
 Of rendering slaves superior to that state,
 In which, they say, it has pleased God to place them!
 They counsel—if your slave seem fond of freedom,
 Starve him, till he be glad to lick your foot
 And then get crumbs; if he would fain be wise,
 Work him, until the writhing of his body
 Shall suffocate his mind; if he would love,
 And husband womanhood, let famished children
 Of others, terrify; even from his birth,
 Palsy his heart with fear, darken his soul,
 Defile his body. Yea! this mutilation,
 They do advise, when smilingly, they say,
 Be slaves so educate, that to their stations,
 Their natures may be fitted. “Educate!”
 Ye villains sacrilegious, who would rob
 God’s human temple of its majesty,
 That ye may stable there in barbarous pomp!
 Misname not thus your murderous reduction
 Of beauty unto baseness, man to brute.
 Man has no station; he must upward soar

Towards bright-winged deities, or sink down towards
fiends ;

Man cannot pause.—

Go ! bid the sun to rot within its heavens !

Arrest the marching melodies of stars !

Chill every river into stagnancy !

Deracinate the fruitful earth of growth !

Though infinite space grow dark, the soul of man

Shall soar triumphantly. Within this cavern !

Are thousands, sworn to rise from out the mire,

Whereto you damn them ; they will rise,—will rise,

Though war may hew their pathway, though their
march

Be in blood to the armpits ! Oh that it were mine,

To lead them bloodless conquerors ! They will rise,—

But with the chains they shatter from their limbs,

Must they do hellishly. A vessel, laden

With captives fettered unto famine and plague,

Now is this land ; the slaves force-freed, will make it

A burning wreck ; themselves, amidst the flames,

Maniacs, wild dancing. Oh who, who can know,

How to redeem this people ?”

All this heard

The seer ; and more than this harangue did proffer

Unto the ear, the seer beheld, and took,
 Down in the young man's countenance. And now,
 Came from the cave a statesman; his high brow
 All restless with anxiety; to himself
 He muttered as he walked,—“ The fools I serve
 Under pretence of ruling; to whose whims
 Aye must I pander, and the pandering call
 Government; for whose robbery of their fellows
 That have no gold, I ever forge skilful tools
 And term them law;—will sooner or later rue
 The existence of this slavery. A power
 Repressed, yet gathering, and without a vent
 For its intenseness,—must in every body
 Do certain death. A power must either serve
 For or against the thing in which it dwells;
 Neutral it cannot be.” And on he shuffled,
 For there were none to watch him grandly walk;
 And as he went, continued he, “ These fools
 Would hurl me from my eminence and renown,
 Told I them truth; why should I lose my power,
 To gain their hatred? The uncouth revolters
 A little while can be repressed, and so
 Repressed shall be; while I acquire the fame
 Of wise, bold statesmanship.” With a dark sneer
 At human error; and chuckling out these words—
 “ Let the future look to it,”—the statesman passed.

Him followed one, not lofty in the state,
 Not low; but finding there the middle rank;
 The rank which 'twixt the lowest and the highest
 Lifts an impassable barrier, and like
 A voluntary lackey, ever kicks
 The lowest lower. Rank, whose envy is
 To have some other under it; whose hope
 Is to merge into the highest; and whose action
 Is getting gold to administer these desires.
 His white lip writhed, as from the cave he rushed
 In savage wrath. "Our constitution, order,
 Obedience, command are jeopardized;
 No slaves! no master! Even upon ourselves,
 The beasts would have us tend! By all that is
 Holy and reverend; by our household hearths,
 These fiends would desecrate; by the constitution,
 Our fathers have bequeathed us; if there be
 Virtue in law and armies,—a swift cure
 Shall find these wretched levellers;"—this creature,
 Able to reason on the modes of serving
 His purposes, and his instincts; but no more;
 Forgetting, or unable, to examine
 Those instincts or those wills;—cried, rushing on
 Towards his home; the thought within him burning,
 That his dear children's sumptuousness and grace
 Were based upon this slavery.

The seer saw on.

And the cavern still shook with uproar; and the fury
 Therein waxed devilish. Swiftly from its mouth;
 Swifter than a river hurled from off a star
 That rolls unchecked; streamed high to the empyrean,
 Radiance of powers unhuman. In a moment,
 Above all lower firmaments, and above
 All clouds and winds, it soared. Immortal calm
 Received its glory. To the immortal calm
 The unhuman powers rushed,—as rushes one,
 From drinking in some exquisite music tones,
 To shun all else, and in unpeopled space
 Breathe rapturously. They circled round and round;
 Now sweeping vast and rapture-uttering curves,
 Now floating tremulously with happiness,
 Now solemnly moving in elated thought
 Of their own grandeur; while in unison,
 Circled above the seer their measured song.
 “The baptism of the earth speeds swiftly on!
 Earth’s human things pour bounteously their blood!
 Rejoice companions! Soon will be complete
 Auxiliar changes, and one mighty change,
 Glorious outburst. No doubt disturbs our joy;
 Assured of the universe’s truth,
 We wait expectant. To her sister worlds,
 Soon shall we convoy this long-travailled planet;

Our pleasures thrilled to that ecstatic bliss,
 With which we watched the sun mount up in chaos,
 Before him wildernesses of shade dissolving,
 Till where he paused, towards him swiftly sailed,
 The numberless stars, that worshipping round him
 move.

Rejoice, companions ! All earth's crowded creatures,
 Leaven it for its fate, unflinching.
 And the blood and passion which must yet be spilled
 Into its substance, with a tenfold richness
 Sink o'er it now. The creatures of its youth
 Were few and passionless, and they spilled them-
 selves

Half niggardly. But now quick human things
 Throng gloriously redundant ; and they spring
 In armies to their calling ; and they fall
 Of measureless passion full.—Herein is love !
 The movements of all things still gradual quicken,
 That followingly may our contemplation large
 From happiness to ecstasy. Rejoice !
 Rejoice, companions ! on this embryo star,
 As on a myriad earlier ones, men grow
 Thick as the *nebulæ* of the galaxy ;
 As on a myriad other ones, they pour
 Oceans of blood and passion into her veins ;
 That, as a myriad other ones, this star

May shudder into a thousand different moods,—
 The happiness of her changings never the same,
 Ever increased and different. Even now,
 The race of man is culminating! Now,
 Big is the earth with the superior creatures
 Waiting to displace man. Their glorious slaughters,
 Their frenzied passions, their quick-ended lives,
 Await our gaze. Oh, sweep, sweep on, companions!
 And glory in our delight! We still remain;
 All undisturbed our high prerogative,
 Of blissful contemplation. Though we know,
 Nought of the emotions which the short-lived children,
 Of earth, and all the planets, impart and share,—
 Be ye sure that even when their faces whiten,
 And their forms rend each other, and the air
 Rocks with their outcry,—not even then, nor ever,
 Reach they our bliss contemplative. We remain!
 All things beneath us change, and still we take
 From every change fresh joy. Beneath us roll
 Differently all things; everything us yields
 Joy differently. Sweep, sweep on, companions!
 And glory in our delight. Eternally,
 All things intensify; and we must ever,
 Intenselier contemplate, intenselier joy.
 Rest we above the cave. Rejoice, companions!
 Brightly speeds on the baptism of the earth."

FEMININE SPITE.

THE trial was over ; for stolen gold,
 Robin the gardener his life had sold ;
 The judge had commended to heaven his soul,
 And his head from the guillotine's hatchet to roll ;
 The maiden who loved him did speed to his cell,
 And her brain shook with fear, like a vibrating bell,
 When there purposely met her the black-haired
 Lucette,
 Whose grass-flipping feet showed the village coquette.

This black-haired Lucette oft had striven to make
 A suitor of Robin ;—at church, and at wake,
 With her eyes in the dance, with her leg at the stile,
 With her romps in the fields, she had striven to
 beguile

The senses of Robin, that so he might pray
Her mercy, and she, with disdain, answer nay;
But no looking, no romping, no unveiling would do,
To the maiden who loved him poor Robin was true.

Now to meet this lorn maiden, Lucette had put on
Her flauntiest of dresses; her blackest shoes shone
Against her white stockings; her white and red
gown

Was tasselled with ribands, around, up and down;
She saw the maid sobbing,—her bright greedy eye
Just glanced all around to see no one was nigh,—
Then she sniffed, and she smirked, and she tossed
back her head,

And “You’re lucky to know the young gardener,”
she said.

FEMININE GOODNESS.

SOFT to her bower the letter came,
Where dreaming bliss she sighed ;
And signed by her lover's name
It claims her for his bride ;
Like cloudless skies of summer night
One hour before the day,
Where in the east translucent light
Beneath the dark doth play,—
Her eyes well up with beauteous sheen,
For though she knew 't would come,
'Tis fresh excess of happiness,
To clasp it thus-wise home.

But ere she left the bower, there filled
Another light those eyes ;

Two crystal tear-drops o'er them thrilled,
And half disguised their skies ;
But holier far, than tears of joy,
Than tears of maiden fear,—
They started for some gentle boy
Who'd found their glance too dear :—
And, oh ! were I her lover, I
Had rather found her now,
Than when her eyes shone bright replies,
To my recorded vow.

“CAR LA PENSÉE

*a aussi ses ivresses, ses extases, ses voluptés célestes, dont
une heure vaut toute une jeunesse, toute une vie.”*

THAN all the suns that over earth have smiled,
The summer's evening sun I love the best ;
Because it rayed when I beheld a child,
Come from the cedar grove, at home to rest.

His wide orbed eyelids moved not as he came ;
His cheeks were pale ; his eyes were heavily bright ;
His lips were parted movelessly ; pale flame
Around his mouth played quietly pale delight.

His forest dog went bounding to his side ;
His eyes veered slowly towards the fawning hound,
But kept their fixedness, pre-occupied
With thought, whence other thoughts did all rebound.

His beautiful mother took his drooping hand ;
And when he lavished on her no caress,
—"What ails my boy?" from across her soul's large land,
Passed through her lips, with ravishing gentleness.

"Mother, I know not ; to the cedar trees
I chased a butterfly ; it danced too high,
And left me underneath ; the evening breeze
Came with me there, and there it seemed to die.

"And all was silent as the minster's nave
On common days ; upon the ground I sate,
And reverence closed mine eyes, as with the wave
Of silent and of soundless passing state.

"Anon mine eyelids lifted, and I saw
Above me terracing the mighty trees ;
The sun continuing utterly to withdraw
His rays from out them, by composed degrees.

"When the rays all were taken, and unlit
The grove gloomed dark, again mine eyes did close,

And in my mind, where lonely I did sit,
The memory of the high priest's blessing rose.

"As from the scene towards this thought I gazed,
A mighty ecstasy through my brain did go,
Like overwhelming ocean; cresting, raised
My hair, while I did cower and tremble low;

"For both one essence possessed;—the cedar grove,
Spreading its shadowing boughs high o'er me there;
And the priest's hands outstretched my head above,
Solemnly sheltering me, with voiceless prayer.

"It seemed as though into my brain did roll
A thunder cloud, that burst in bright wild rain,
Torrenting through my limbs, and for its goal,
Mounting back mightily to my brain again.

"I am not sad, mother; I have no ill,
But a great storm within me doth subside;
The ebbing of rapture wearies me; still, still,
Me alone leave, dear mother;" the boy replied.

Ceasing, he kissed her with serious pride;
 The while his hand caressed the hound's large head;
 And then away he seriously did glide;
 And I retired where e'er my footsteps led.

Deems any, this vision, insufficient cause
 That I should love the hour that gave it me;
 Oh! knew he his own human-nature's laws,
 Much would he yearn to have been given it to see.

The essence of mind's being is the stream of thought;
 Difference of mind's being, is difference of the stream;
 Within this single difference may be brought
 The countless differences that are or seem.

Now, thoughts associate in the common mind,
 By outside semblance, or from general wont;
 But in the mind of genius, swift as wind,
 All similarly influencing thoughts confront.

Though the things thought, in time and space, may
 lie

Wider than India from the Arctic zone;
 If they impress one feeling, swift they fly,
 And in the mind of genius take one throne.

This order of mind is shaken to the core
 With mighty joy, while therewithin cohere
 Its far brought thoughts; o'er the common mind's
 dull floor,
 As of old, its thoughts, rejoicing not, appear.

This boy, then, suffering in the cedar grove,
 All rapturously, the uniting in his mind,
 Of these far-parted thoughts,—the boughs above,
 And the priest's blessing o'er his head declined;—

Is, in embryo beauteousness, one of that band,
 Who, telling the samenesses of far-parted things,
 Plants through the universe, with magician hand,
 A clue, which makes us following, universe-kings.

One of the seers and prophets who bid men pause
 In their blind rushing, and awake to know

Fraternal essences, and beauteous laws,
In many a thing from which in scorn they go.

Yea, at his glance, sin's palaces may fall,
Men rise, and all their demon gods disown;
For knowledge of hidden resemblances, is all
Needed to link mankind, in happiness, round love's
throne.

THE END.

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